

NOVEMBER

TARGET COMICS

10¢



T
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VOL. 5
NO. 5



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Salvaging waste paper is only one of many ways in which TARGET readers can assist the war effort, but it is tremendously important. Even though you are actively engaged in other kinds of war work—salvaging tin and fats, buying War Bonds and Stamps, helping in gardens and on farms—do not forget that saving paper is vital.

You know that bomb bands, wing tips, containers for food, clothing, and medical supplies use large quantities of paper. Do you realize that 700,000 articles used in the war service have paper in their makeup?

Waging war successfully requires paper. TARGET readers can do their part in salvaging waste. There are about 1,000,000 tons of waste paper in the United States each month. In the past, salvage of about 450,000 tons was good enough. Now we need from 667,000 tons to 750,000 tons salvage monthly, so, get in the scrap!

Mail the coupon below to show that you are doing your part. TARGET COMICS will tell the War Production Board of your cooperation. Just fill in the coupon, clip it, and paste it to the back of a penny post card addressed to us.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

TARGET COMICS
111 W. 19th St.,
New York 11, N. Y.

I have collected and turned in
..... pounds of Scrap Paper
already. I will be able to collect
.....pounds each week from
now on!

Signed

Address

.....

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the Editor's Page of the July-August TARGET COMICS, and I do not think that Target should have a lot of muscles and also I do not agree to having his name changed to Targetman, as you get sick of the muscular supermen.

I do think instead of Bull's-Eye Bill it would be better to have Al T. Tude. I enjoy Speck, Spot and Sis; The Cadet; Candid Charlie; and also Dan'l Flannel. I think you should have two short stories, and I like the Chameleon as a complete story each month.

I like Candid Charlie because of its queer drawing and I don't think it should be changed. I also agree that more Targetoons would make the book complete.

All my girl friends agree these changes would make TARGET a most satisfactory and desirable book.

A loyal reader,
Justine Lynch
Lawrence, Massachusetts

Your letter certainly is a good one, Justine, for it has some good, constructive criticism. We'll consider all your suggestions.

Dear Editors:

In our community we have a comic book club. We had a meeting today and we read the July-August edition of TARGET COMICS. In reading the back of the front cover we noticed the letter written by George Corchia about putting Al T. Tude back in TARGET.

We immediately took a vote about it. All ten of us agreed that we thought you should put Al T. Tude back in TARGET. If you have to eliminate some strip now in TARGET we think you should take out Bull's-Eye Bill.

Secretary of ten
TARGET fans,
E. Martin
Rockville Centre, N. Y.

How about that, readers? Would you prefer Al T. Tude to Bull's-Eye Bill? So far we haven't received many letters concerning this particular question.

Dear Editors:

I do not like Dan'l Flannel. My favorite is Bull's-Eye Bill. Why don't you put in some more stories like 18 Men and a Boat? Also I like Candid Charlie. Boy, is he good! I like BLUE BOLT COMICS, too.

Your friend,
Fred Lacey
Franconia, Va.

We think Candid Charlie is good, too, Fred. Too bad you don't like Dan'l Flannel, but perhaps the story in this issue will change your mind.

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading the July issue of TARGET COMICS, and I agree with George Corchia that Spacehawk and Al T. Tude should be put back.

I also agree with Ben Calderone that the Target should be called Targetman, and Targeteers should be left out.

I also think that Bull's-Eye Bill should join the Air Force. This should improve it a great deal.

Yours truly,
Mike Levin
Chicago, Illinois

There's been quite a bit of controversy, Mike, on changing The Target's name to Targetman, and thus far we haven't been able to find out definitely whether TARGET readers really want the change.

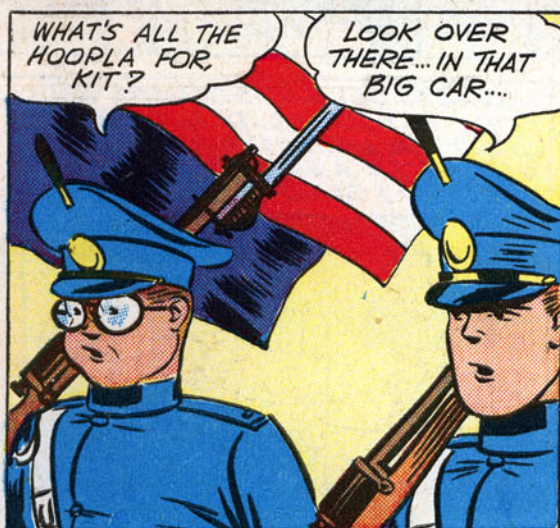
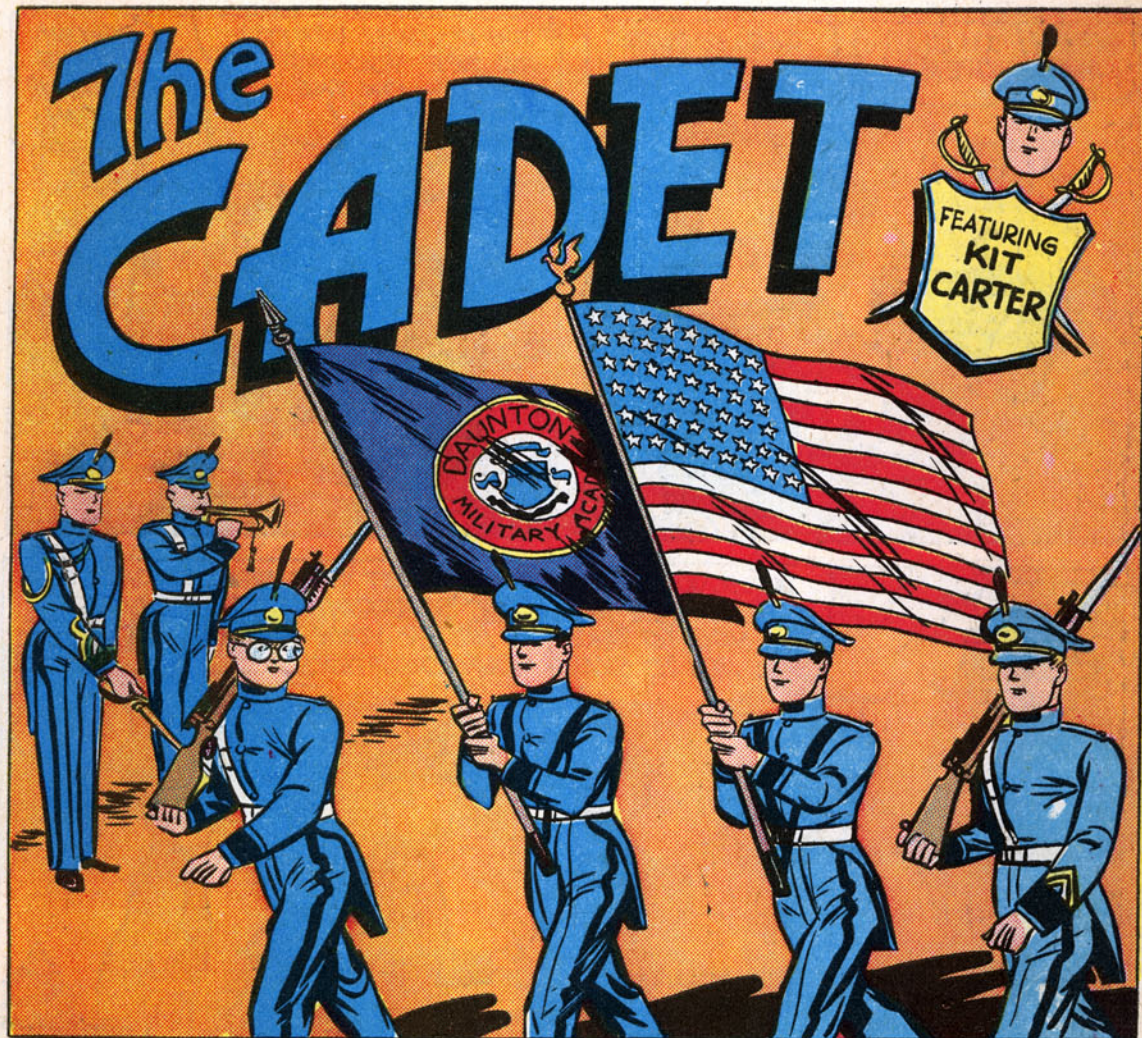
Dear Editors:

I have just read the latest issue of TARGET COMICS and I really think it is a fine magazine. I think the Target should keep his name the way it is, instead of being Targetman. The word "man" is used with so many comic characters that it would be better if it were left off.

I'm sure that many of the readers like to draw cartoons. Instead of having a page or two more of Targetoons why not use this space for printing the best cartoons sent in by its readers? This would not only increase the interest of boys and girls but TARGET COMICS would be read by more people.

Sincerely,
Tommy Ramsey
Russellville, Alabama

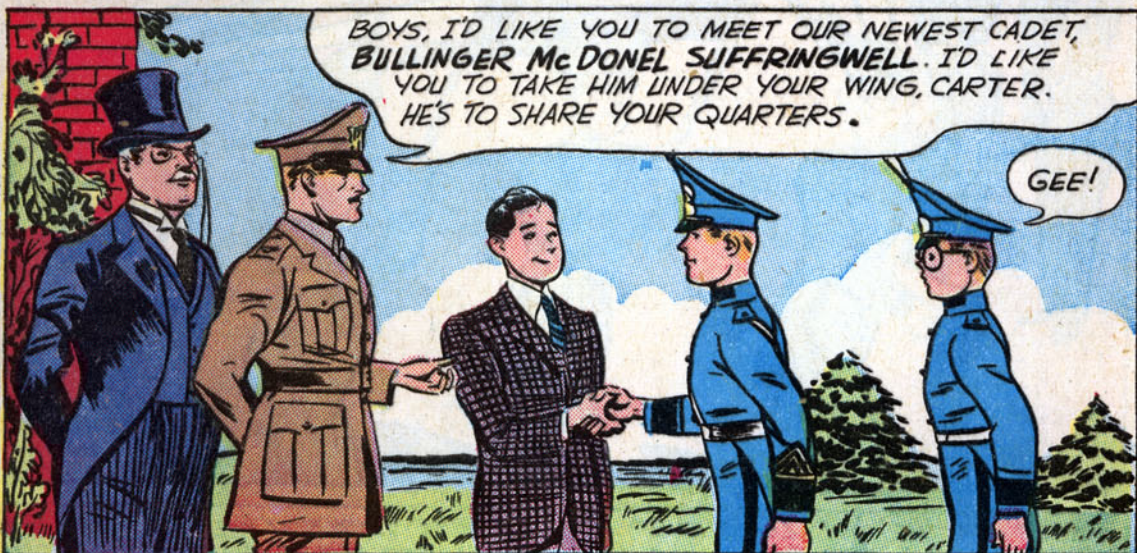
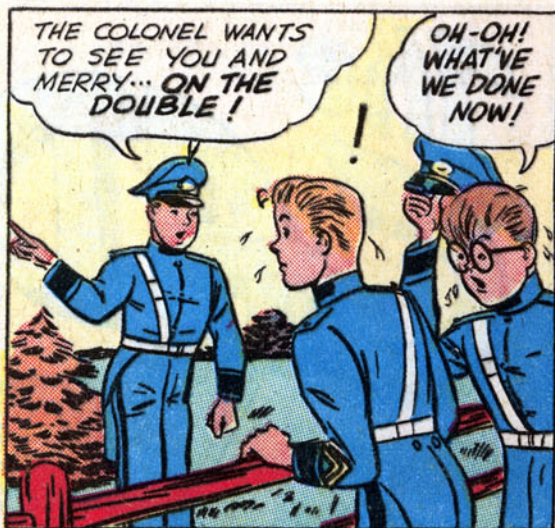
You have an excellent idea there, Tommy, and perhaps we may make use of it in the near future.



Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

TARGET COMICS, Vol. 5, No. 5, November, 1944, published monthly from November to June, inclusive; bi-monthly July to October, inclusive, by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 111 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1944, by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 5, 1939 at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

IT'S CUSTOMARY FOR FIRST YEAR MEN
TO SLEEP ON COTS, MISTER
SUFFERINGWELL!!

OH,
YEAH?

WELL, I'LL JUST OCCUPY THIS
NICE BED BY THE WINDOW...
ANY OBJECTIONS?

-ER. NO-
NOT AT THE
MOMENT...

WE'LL JUST LEAVE YOU ALONE UNTIL
YOU CHANGE INTO YOUR UNIFORM...
REPORT ON THE DRILL FIELD IN
ONE HOUR. **AND THAT'S AN
ORDER!**

OKAY,
OKAY!

GOSH, KIT! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO
ABOUT THAT STUFFED UP PIG?

NOT MUCH I
CAN DO, DAN...
SEEING HOW
HE'S THE SENATOR'S
SON...

ONE
HOUR
LATER...

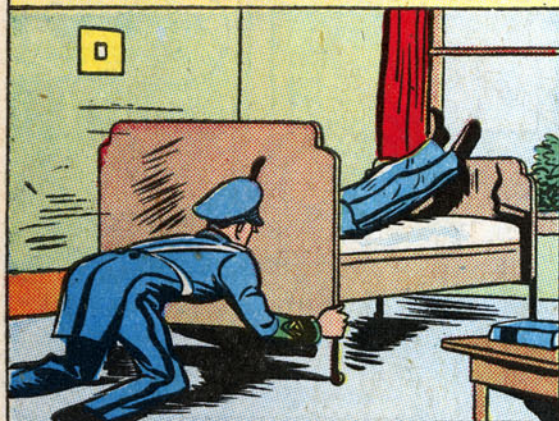
SQUAD,
ATTEN-SHUN!
JONES, SMITH, MORRIS,
BROWN, WALTERS... HMMM...
BULL'S NOT HERE!

DAUNTON

HM! JUST AS
I SUSPECTED!

SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

SNEAKING INTO THE ROOM WITHOUT WAKING "BULL", KIT QUIETLY PUSHES THE FOOT OF THE BED AGAINST THE OPEN WINDOW...



...WITH A SUDDEN POWERFUL HEAVE, THE CADET RAISES THE HEADBOARD AND...



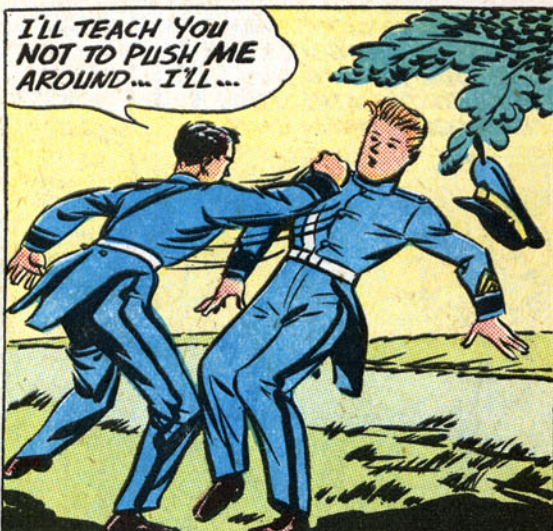
--BULL GOES CRASHING TO THE GRASS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

WELL, MISTER BULL... YOU WANTED THE BED BY THE WINDOW!

WHY, YOU...!



I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO PUSH ME AROUND... I'LL...



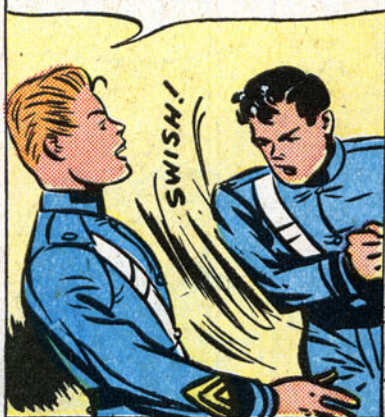
BUT KIT IS EXPECTING THE BLOW, AND DODGES NIMBLY AS THE BIG CADET RUSHES HIM...



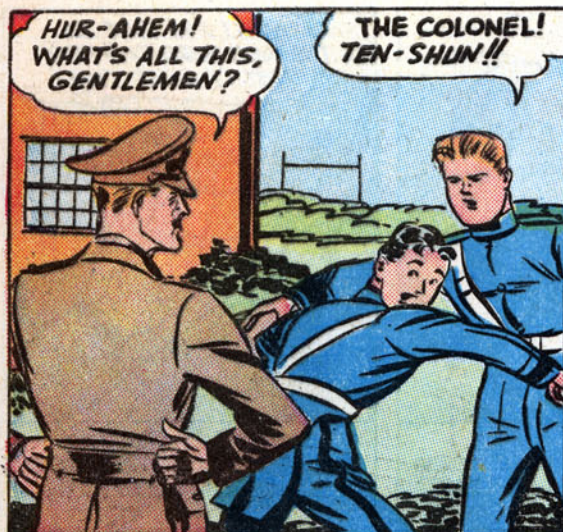
WHY DON'T YOU STAND AND FIGHT, SERGEANT CARTER? OR ARE YOU YELLOW?!



SORRY, I CAN'T OBLIGE YOU NOW, "BULL," BUT IT'S AGAINST REGULATION'S TO FIGHT ON THE CAMPUS...



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



HUR-AHEM!
WHAT'S ALL THIS,
GENTLEMEN?

THE COLONEL!
TEN-SHUN!!



SORRY, SIR... JUST A BIT OF
FRIENDLY SPARRING... SHADOW
BOXING... SO TO SPEAK!

I
SEE,
CARTER...



WELL, SINCE YOU'RE FEELING
SO LIVELY, I SUGGEST YOU
TAKE OUR NEW FRIEND
OVER TO THE ATHLETIC
FIELD FOR A WORK-OUT!

YES,
SIR!

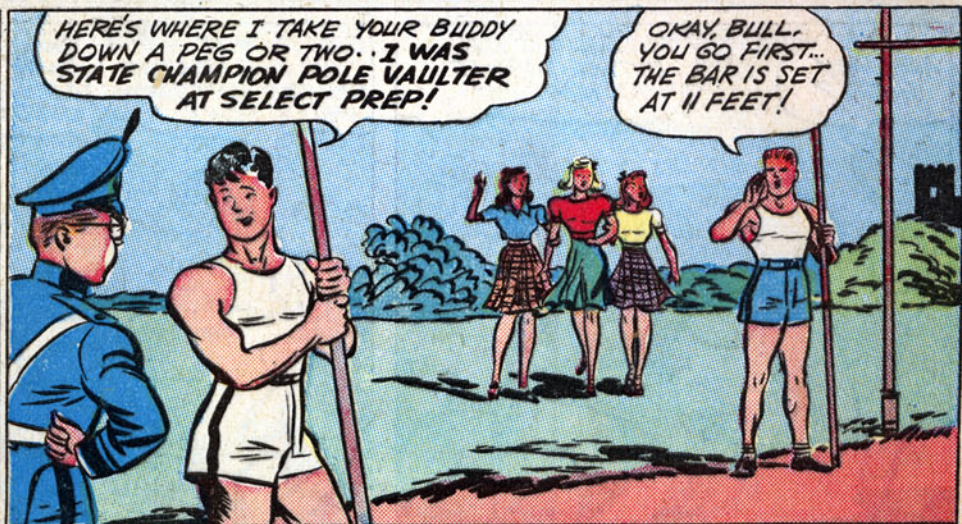


SINCE YOU DIDN'T REPORT
ME, CARTER, LET'S CALL A
TRUCE... HOW ABOUT A LITTLE
POLE VAULTING?

OKAY BY ME, BULL!
LET'S GET INTO
TRACK SUITS...



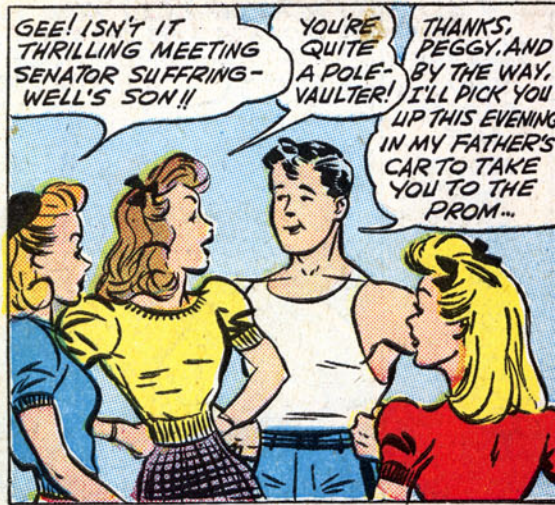
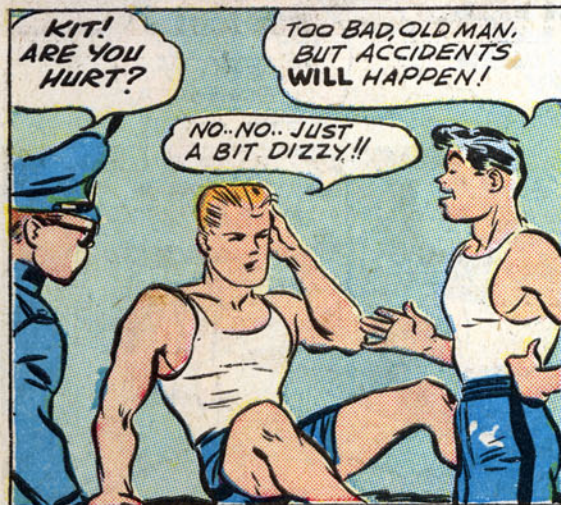
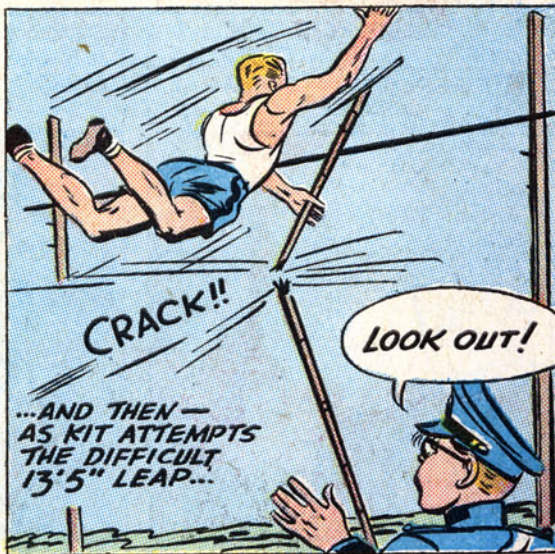
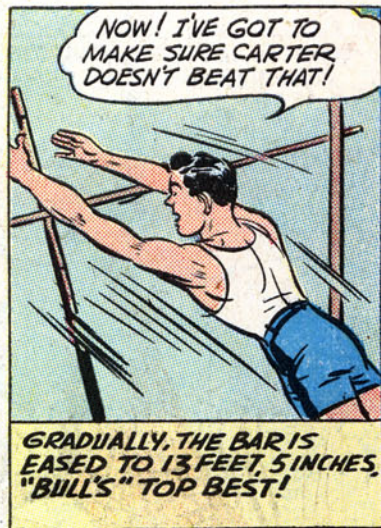
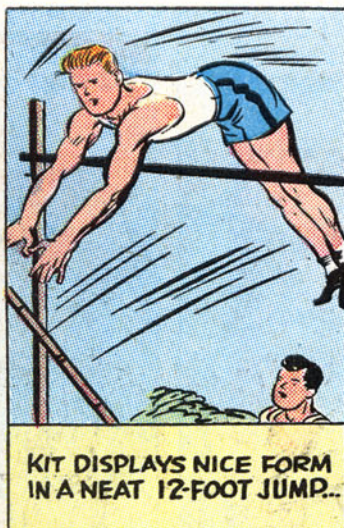
WHEN THE
TWO
CADETS
ARE
READY,
DAN
STOPS
BY
TO
SEE
THE
FUN...



HERE'S WHERE I TAKE YOUR BUDDY
DOWN A PEG OR TWO... I WAS
STATE CHAMPION POLE VAULTER
AT SELECT PREP!

OKAY, BULL,
YOU GO FIRST...
THE BAR IS SET
AT 11 FEET!

SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

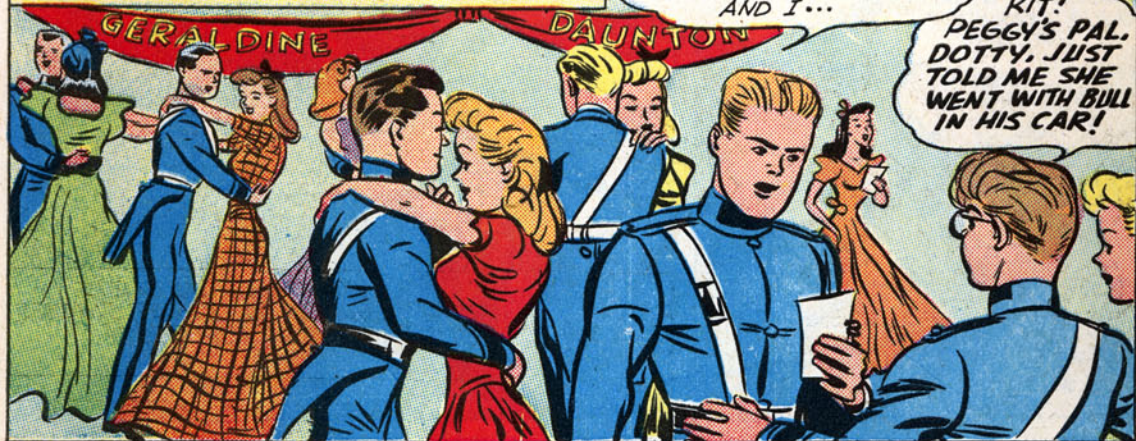


SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

THAT NIGHT AT THE DAUNTON PROM, KIT SEARCHES ANXIOUSLY FOR PEGGY... BUT AS THE EVENING WEARS ON, SHE STILL... FAILS TO ARRIVE....

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! PEGGY PROMISED ME SEVERAL DANCES AND I...

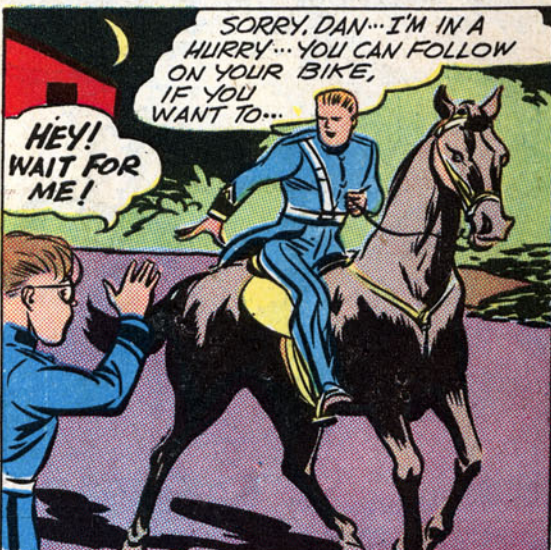
KIT! PEGGY'S PAL, DOTTY, JUST TOLD ME SHE WENT WITH BILL IN HIS CAR!



KIT REPORTS HIS ALARM TO THE COLONEL...

... AND SO I FIGURE SOME-THING MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM... ESPECIALLY SINCE THESE TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN ROADS ARE UNFAMILIAR TO CADET SUFFERINGWELL...

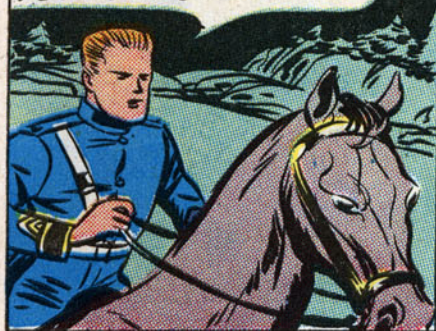
YES, CARTER... GO SEARCH FOR THEM BY ALL MEANS! DEAN MOFFET IS WORRIED ABOUT PEGGY, TOO... TAKE MY HORSE.



SORRY, DAN... I'M IN A HURRY... YOU CAN FOLLOW ON YOUR BIKE, IF YOU WANT TO...

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

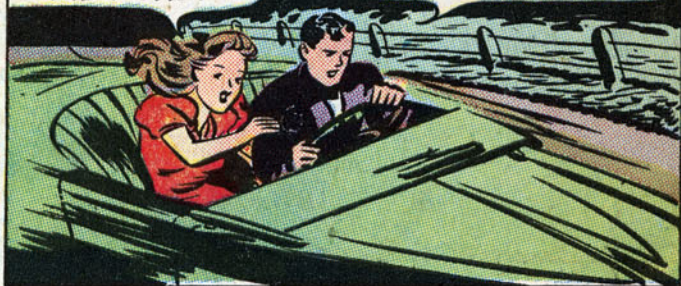
I'LL HEAD FOR LOOK-OUT POINT FIRST... THAT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS CURVE IN THESE PARTS... AND THAT CLIFF IS SUICIDE FOR A RECKLESS DRIVER!



MEANWHILE, FAR AHEAD ON THE TWISTING ROAD, A SLEEK-POWERFUL ROADSTER APPROACHES A SHARP TURN!!

BILL! SLOW DOWN, PLEASE! HELP! WE'RE OFF THE ROAD!

QUIT YOUR YELLING. PEGGY... I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS BABY!!



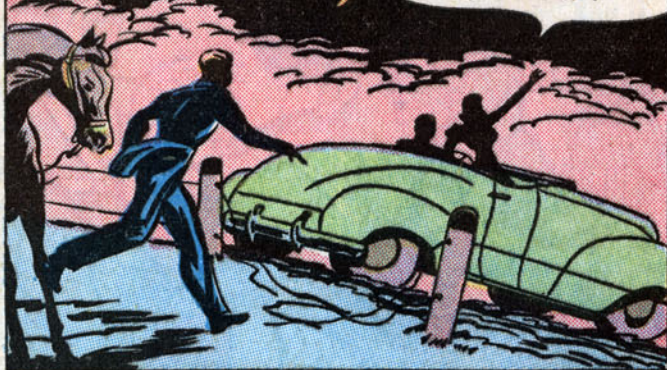
SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

AND THEN AS KIT
NEARS LOOK-OUT
POINT, HE HEARS A
CRASH AHEAD
FOLLOWED BY A
GIRL'S TERRIFIED
SCREAM!

IT'S PEGGY!
AND I'M NOT
A SECOND TOO
SOON!

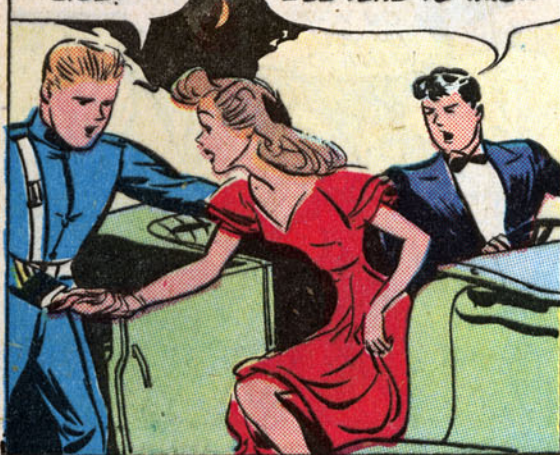
DON'T MOVE, PEGGY--
IT'S ME--KIT--
ARE YOU HURT?

OH, KIT! THANK
HEAVENS YOU'RE
HERE... WE'RE NOT
HURT... BUT WE
CRASHED THROUGH
THE FENCE OFF
THE ROAD!



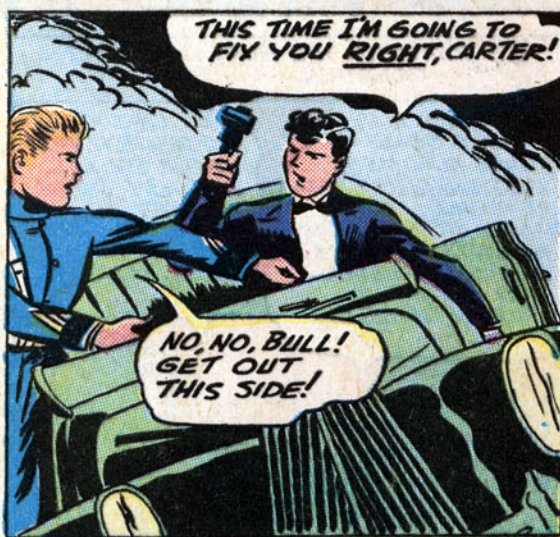
QUICK, PEGGY...
OUT THIS
SIDE!

LET GO OF HER,
YOU MEDDLING FOOL--
I'LL TEND TO THIS--



THIS TIME I'M GOING TO
FIX YOU RIGHT, CARTER!

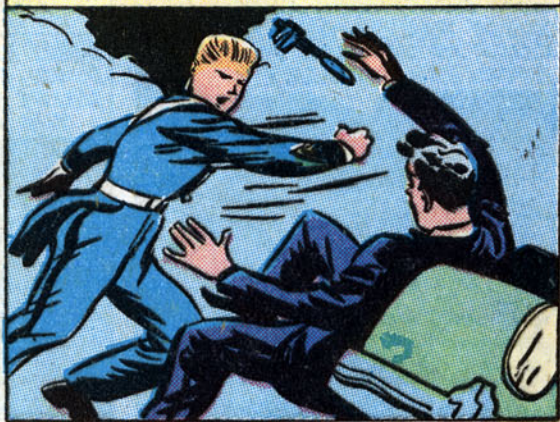
NO, NO, BULL!
GET OUT
THIS SIDE!



KIT SUCCEEDS
IN DRAGGING
BULL FROM
THE CAR,
WHERE THEY
WRESTLE
IN THE
DARK.

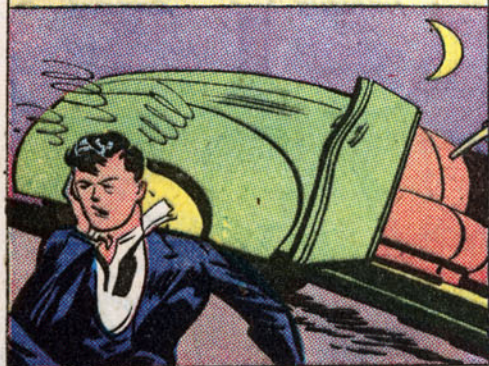


AT LAST KIT SUCCEEDS IN BREAKING
LOOSE, AND WITH ONE MIGHTY BLOW
HE SENDS BULL SPRAWLING AGAINST
THE CAR--



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

FOR ONE FRIGHTENING MOMENT
THE ROADSTER TEETERS ON THE
EDGE OF THE HIGH CLIFF.....

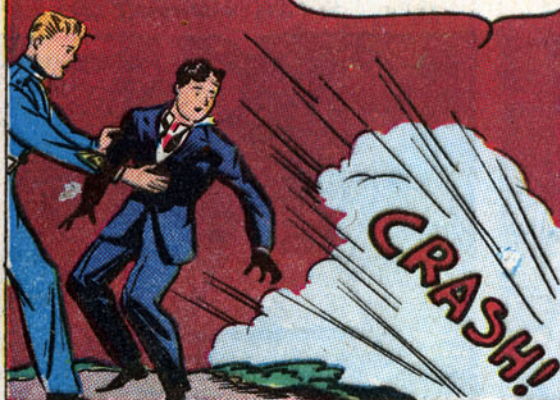


.... AND THEN, THE CAR VANISHES INTO
THE BLACKNESS BELOW!



COME ON,
LET'S GET
OUT OF
HERE!

G-GOSH, CARTER... Y-YOU
SAVED MY LIFE! IF
I'D CLIMBED OUT THE
OTHER SIDE OF THAT
CAR... **WHEW!**



PUFF... PUFF!
HI, GANG!
DID I
MISS ANY-
THING?

GET HIM!



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO
START BACK, DAN! YOU
TAKE BULL ON YOUR
HANDLE BARS... PEGGY
CAN RIDE UP FRONT
WITH ME...

PUFF...
PUFF



SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

THE PROM HAD LONG SINCE ENDED WHEN THE ODDLY ASSORTED GROUP ARRIVED BACK AT DAUNTON, BUT THE COLONEL AND THE DEAN OF GERALDINE ACADEMY ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THEM....

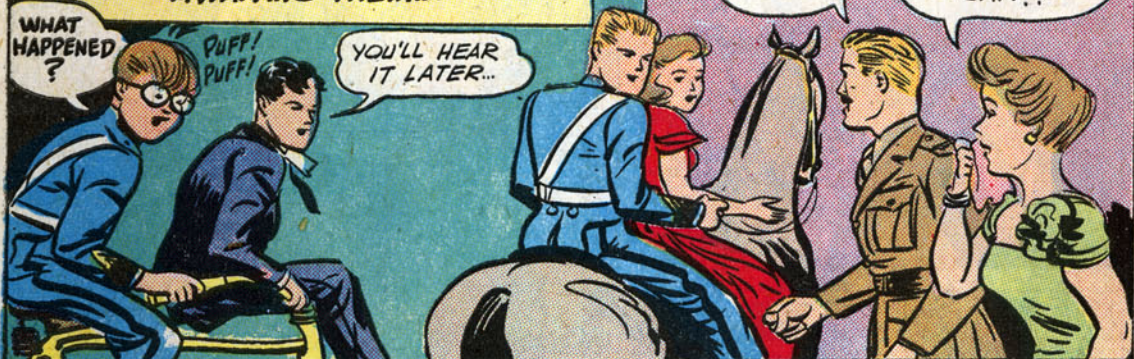
WHAT HAPPENED?

PUFF!
PUFF!

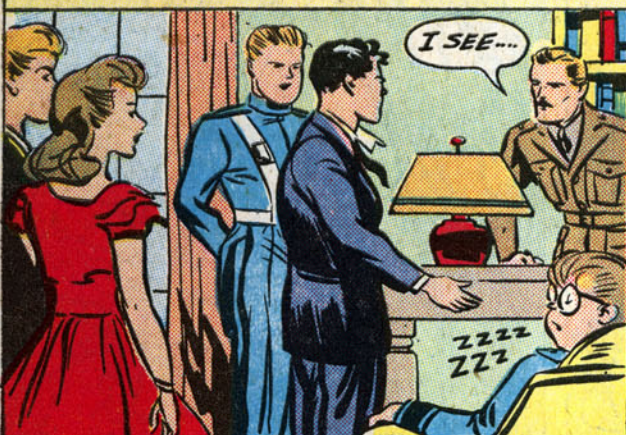
YOU'LL HEAR IT LATER...

KIT!
THANK HEAVENS YOU LOCATED THEM!

GRACIOUS, PEGGY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAR?!

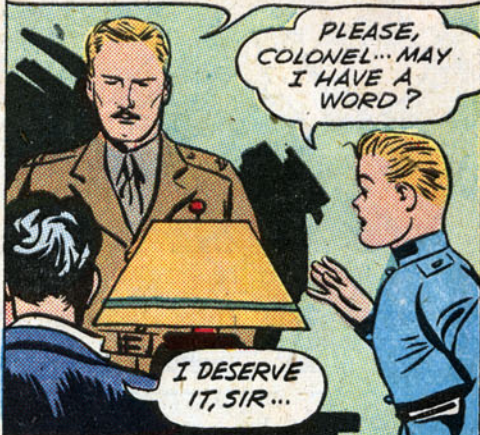


IN THE COLONEL'S LIBRARY "BULL" NOW SHAMED BY HIS CONDUCT, TELLS THE ENTIRE STORY... INCLUDING HIS FIGHT WITH KIT....



I SEE...

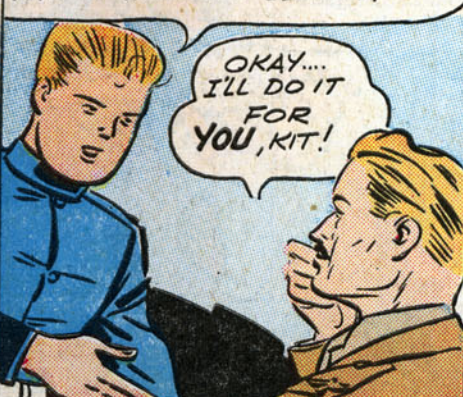
YOU KNOW, I SUPPOSE, THE PUNISHMENT FOR THIS DISGRACEFUL ACT MEANS **EXPULSION!**



PLEASE, COLONEL... MAY I HAVE A WORD?

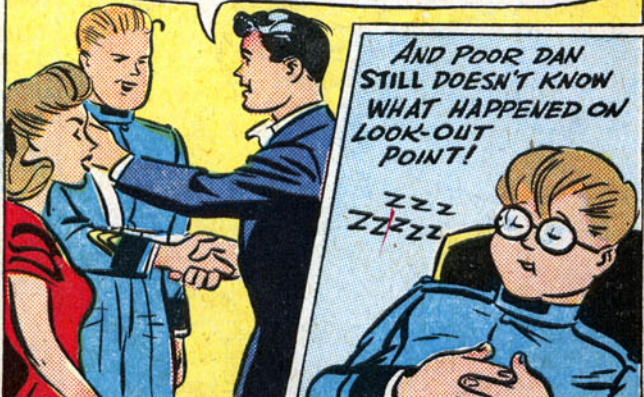
I DESERVE IT, SIR...

PLEASE GIVE BULL ANOTHER CHANCE, SIR... THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, AND I'M SURE OUR FRIEND HAS LEARNED A MOST VALUABLE LESSON!



OKAY... I'LL DO IT FOR YOU, KIT!

THANKS, KIT, I HAVE LEARNED MY LESSON... AND FROM NOW ON YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY MODEL... AND, I HOPE, MY BEST FRIEND, TOO!



AND POOR DAN STILL DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON LOOK-OUT POINT!

ZZZ
ZZZZ

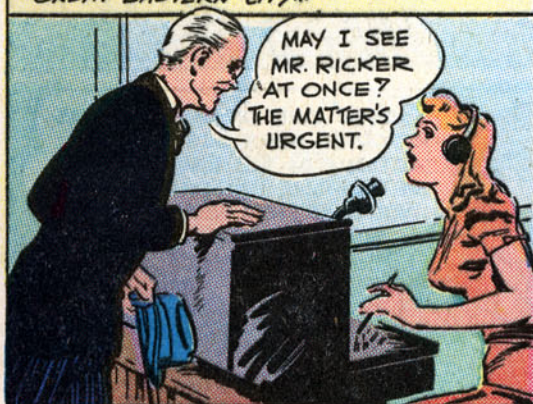
SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



The TARGET and the TARGETEERS

IN WHICH NILES REED, THE TARGET, TOMMY BROWN AND DAVE FOSTER, THE TARGETEERS, BREAK UP ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS SUICIDE MISSIONS TO COME OUT OF WORLD WAR II.

OUR EPISODE OPENS IN AN INNOCENT-APPEARING OFFICE ON THE 36th FLOOR OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLIS BUILDING IN A GREAT EASTERN CITY...



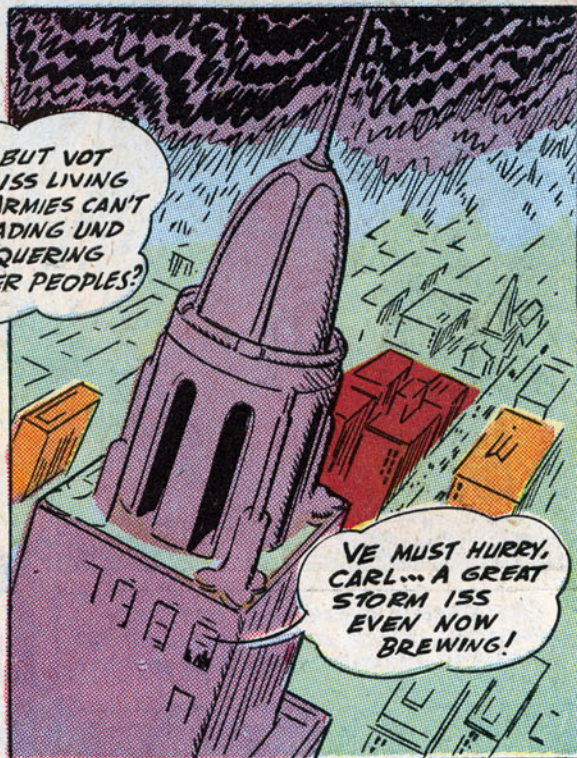
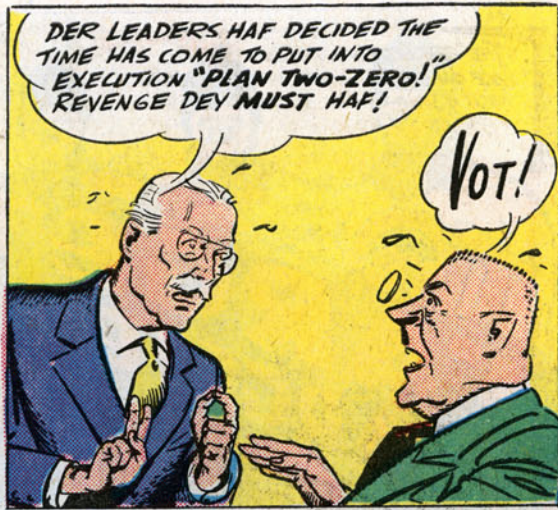
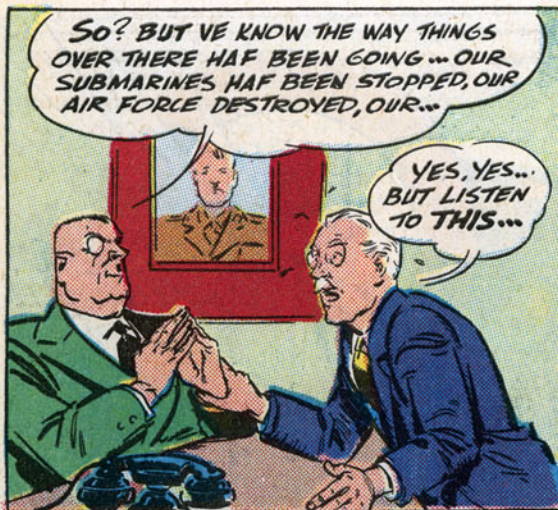
MAY I SEE MR. RICKER AT ONCE? THE MATTER'S URGENT.

BUT ONCE THRU THE HEAVY PRIVATE DOOR IN THE REAR, THE VISITOR'S ATTITUDE CHANGES—

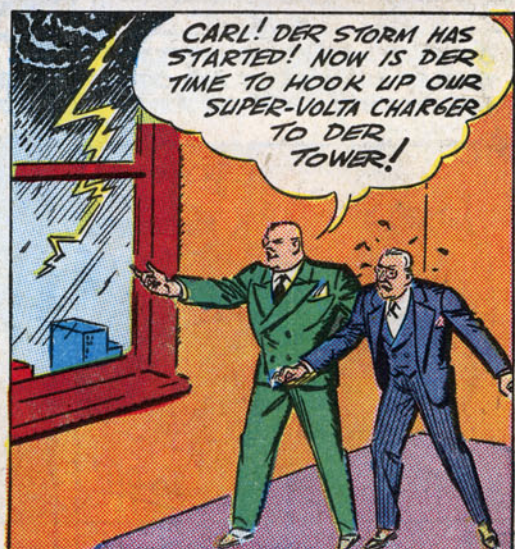
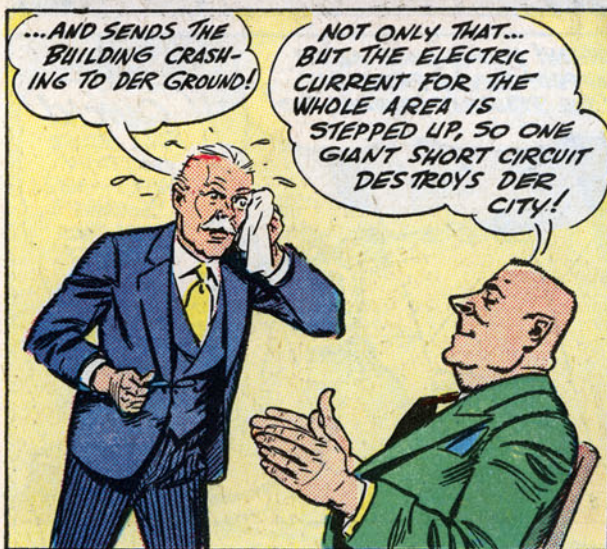
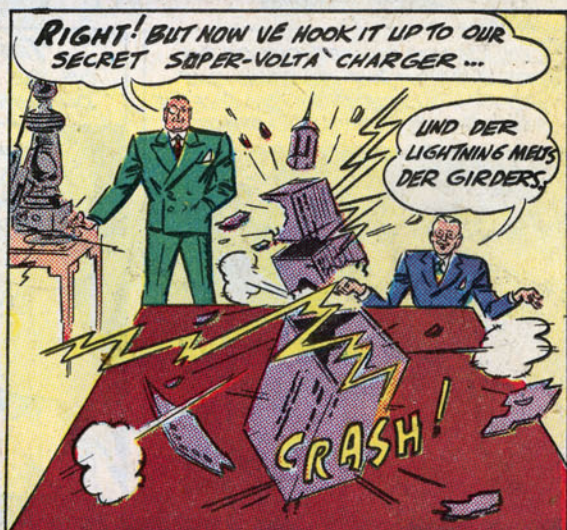
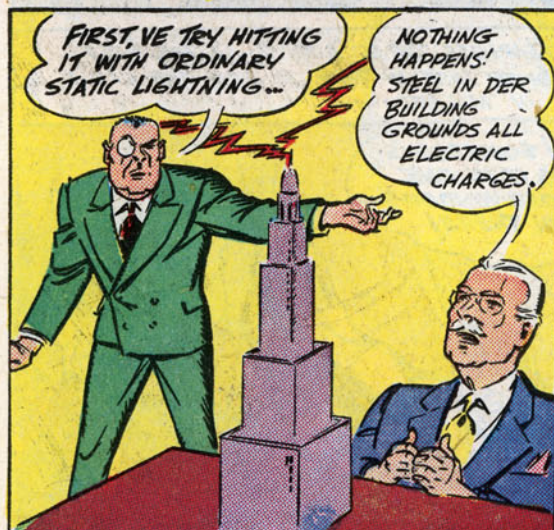
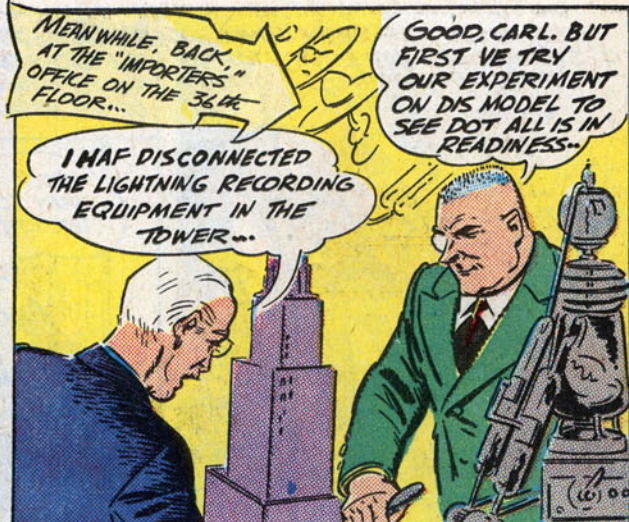
HERR RICKHOFFEN! WE HAV JUST RECEIVED ALARMING NEWS FROM ABROAD!



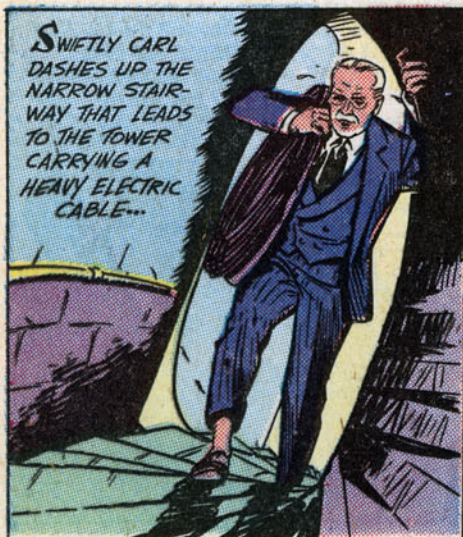
SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.



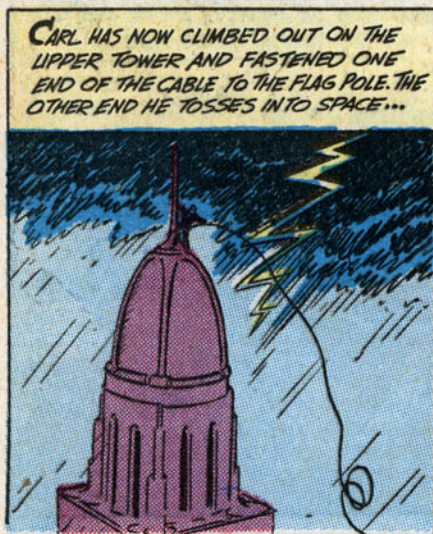
SWIFTLY CARL DASHES UP THE NARROW STAIRWAY THAT LEADS TO THE TOWER CARRYING A HEAVY ELECTRIC CABLE...



MEANWHILE, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS STEP OFF THE ELEVATOR ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE METROPOLIS BUILDING...

THRU THAT DOOR... TAKE THE CIRCULAR IRON STAIRWAY...

WHICH WAY TO THE TOWER?



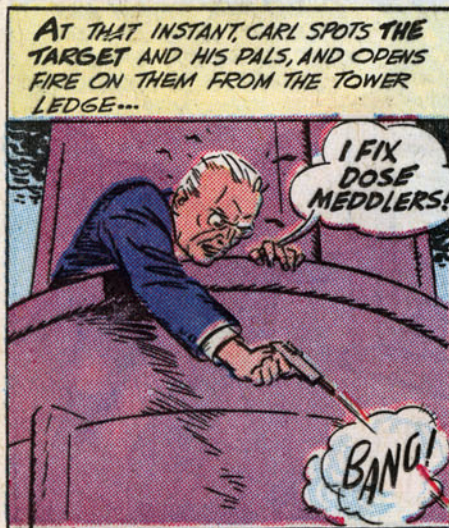
CARL HAS NOW CLIMBED OUT ON THE UPPER TOWER AND FASTENED ONE END OF THE CABLE TO THE FLAG POLE. THE OTHER END HE TOSSES INTO SPACE...



THE FEARLESS THREE ARRIVE AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE CABLE DANGLING IN MIDAIR...

LOOK! SOMEBODY'S PULLING IT IN ONE OF THOSE WINDOWS DOWN THERE!

FUNNY BUSINESS ALL RIGHT! LET'S HOP DOWN THERE AND INVESTIGATE!



AT THAT INSTANT, CARL SPOTS THE TARGET AND HIS PALS, AND OPENS FIRE ON THEM FROM THE TOWER LEDGE...

I FIX DOSE MEDDLERS!

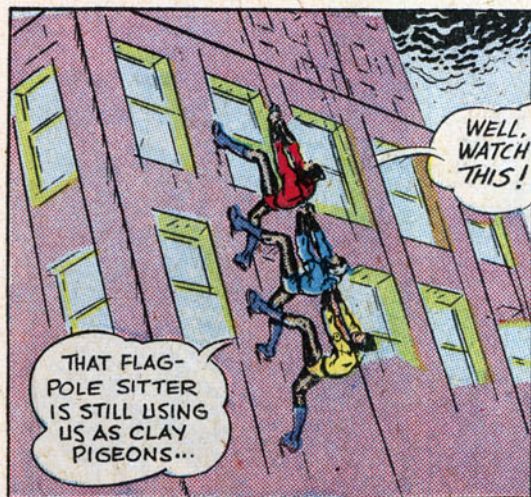
BANG!



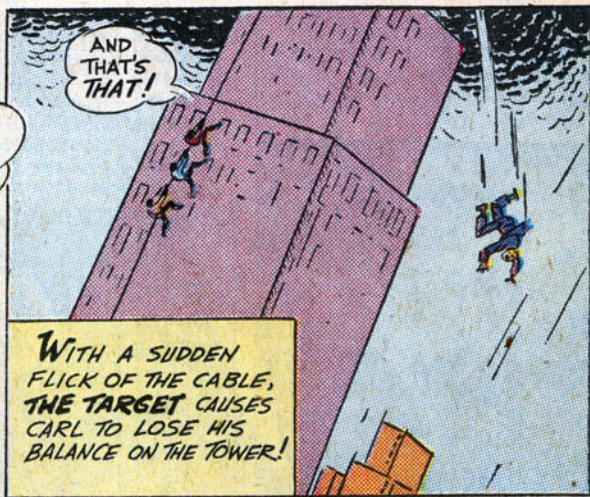
UN-OH! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TRAPPED! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT THE STAIRWAY COVERED, TOO!

QUICK! PULL YOUR SUCTION LEVERS--WE'LL "SHINNY" DOWN THIS CABLE!

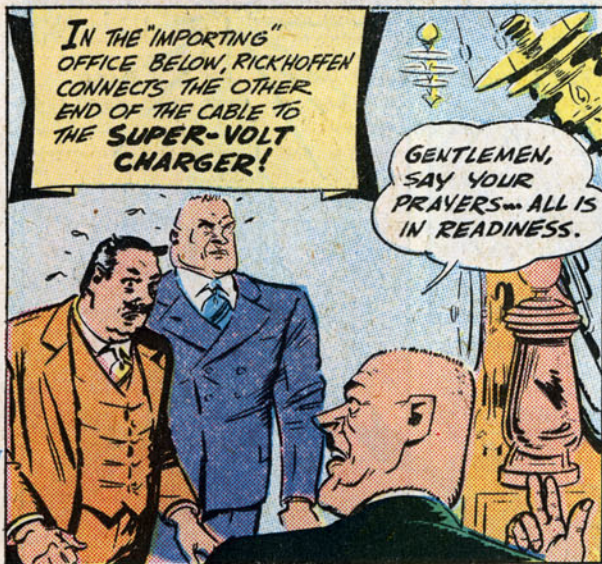
SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



WELL, WATCH THIS!

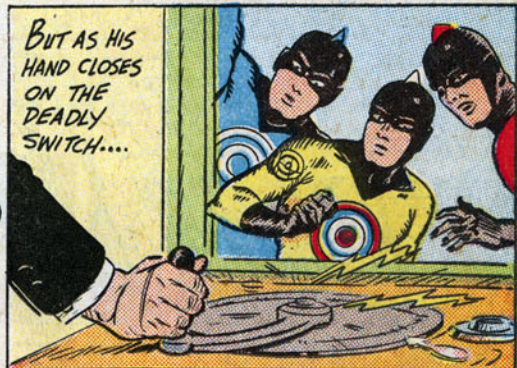


WITH A SUDDEN FLICK OF THE CABLE, THE TARGET CAUSES CARL TO LOSE HIS BALANCE ON THE TOWER!



IN THE "IMPORTING" OFFICE BELOW, RICKHOFFEN CONNECTS THE OTHER END OF THE CABLE TO THE **SUPER-VOLT CHARGER!**

GENTLEMEN, SAY YOUR PRAYERS... ALL IS IN READINESS.



BUT AS HIS HAND CLOSES ON THE DEADLY SWITCH....



STAND BACK! THE FIRST BOLT OF LIGHTNING TO STRIKE THIS BUILDING MEANS DEATH TO US ALL!

OH YEAH?

BANG!



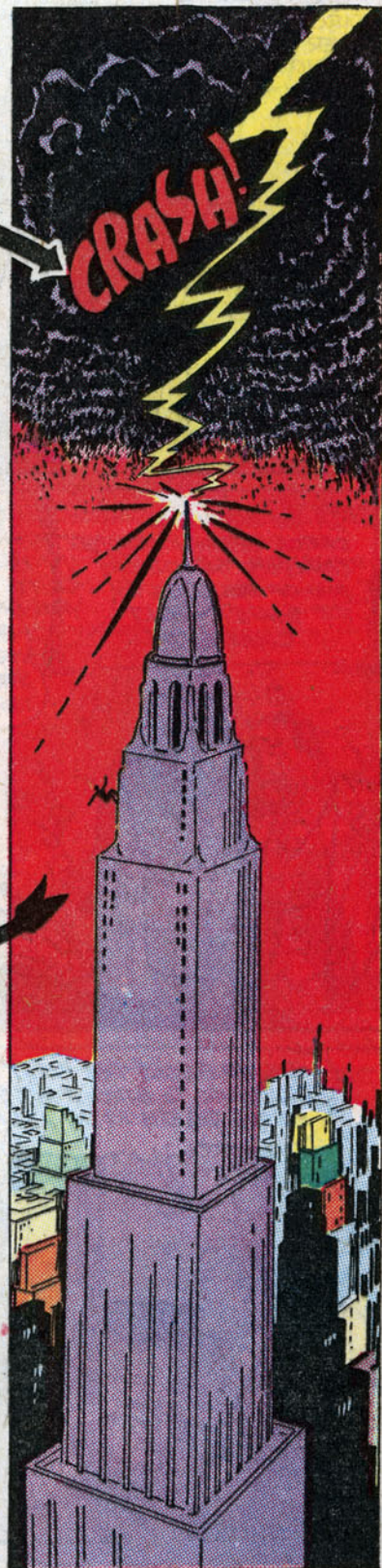
YOU BOYS TAKE CARE OF THIS END OF THINGS... I'M GOING BACK UP AND RIP THIS CABLE FROM THE FLAG POLE!

SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

BUT WHEN THE TARGET IS ALMOST UP TO THE TOWER, THE CABLE STARTS SLIPPING THRU HIS FINGERS....



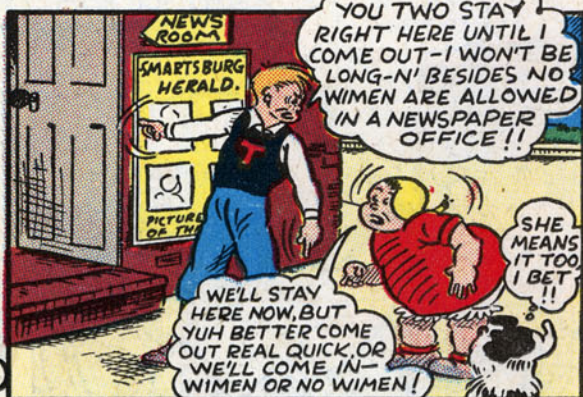
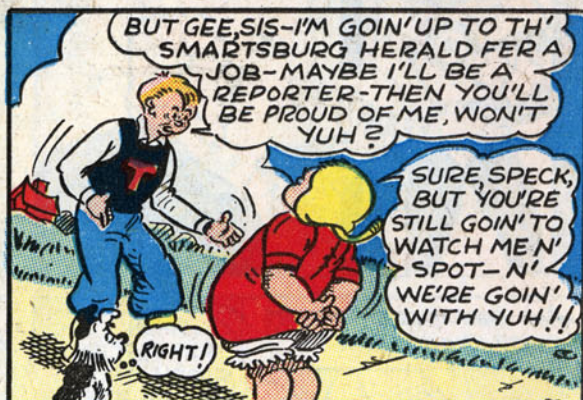
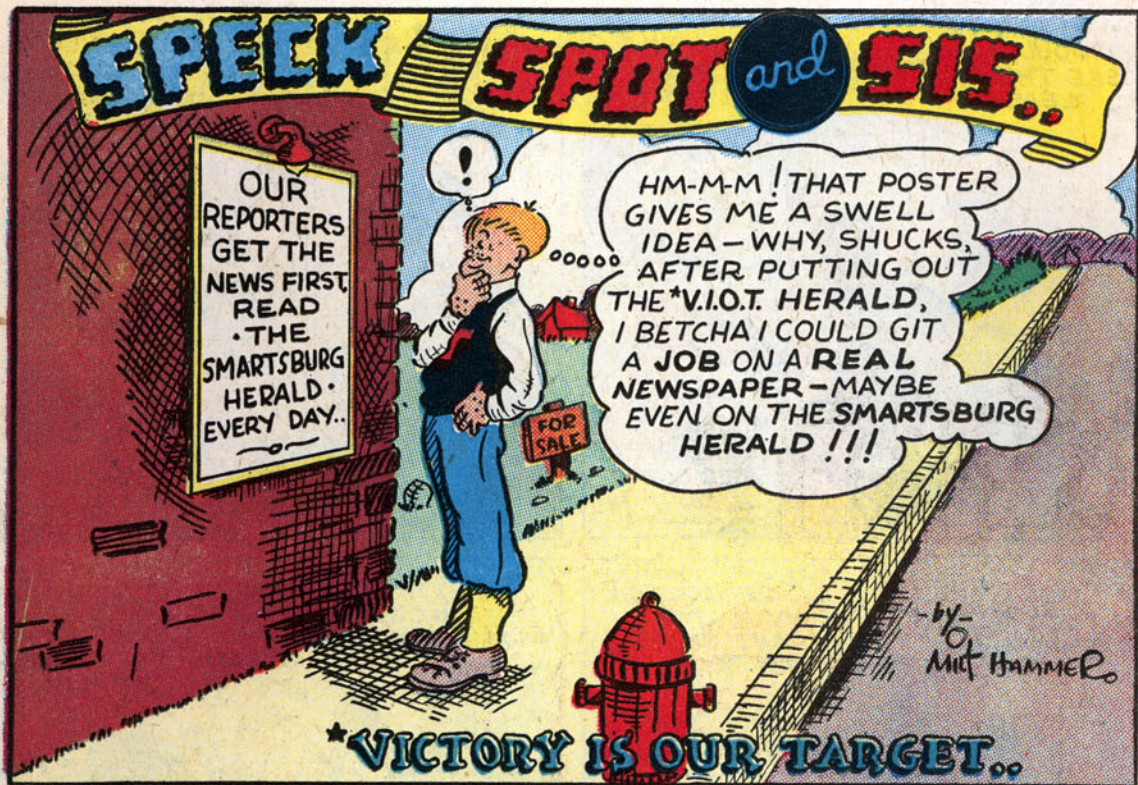
THEN THE CABLE FALLS AWAY ENTIRELY—LEAVING THE TARGET "STANDING" ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE THE STREET—THE NEXT INSTANT A TERRIFIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES THE TOWER OF THE METROPOLIS BUILDING!



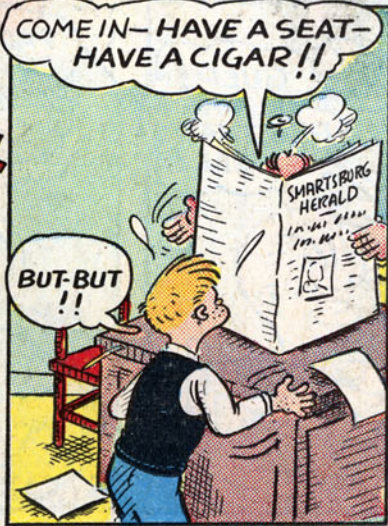
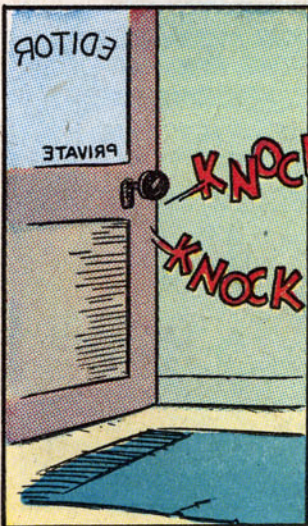
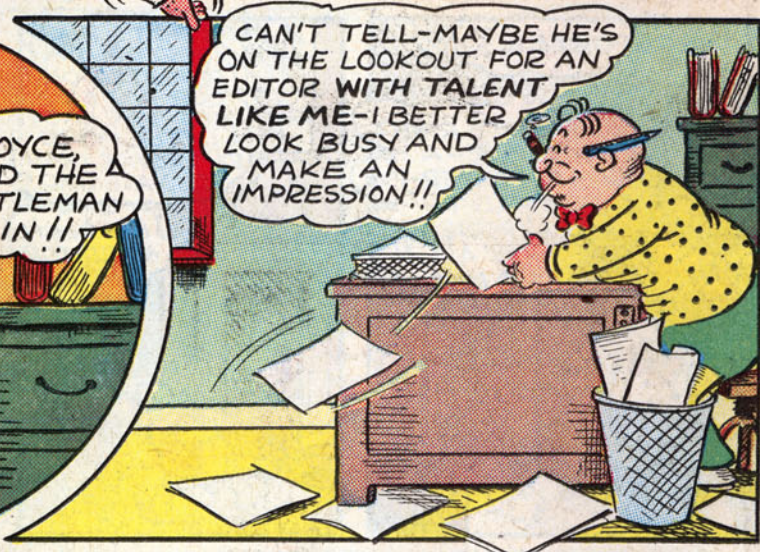
SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



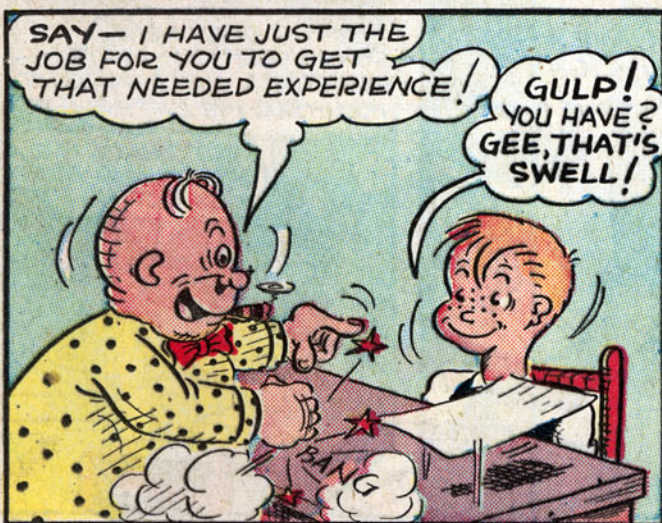
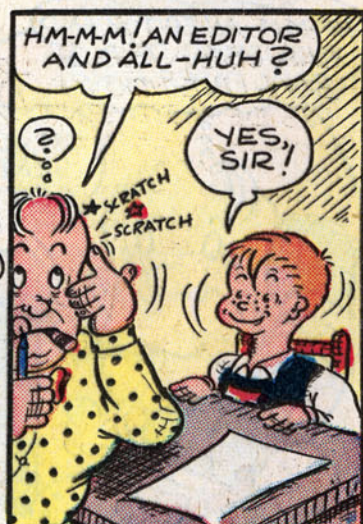
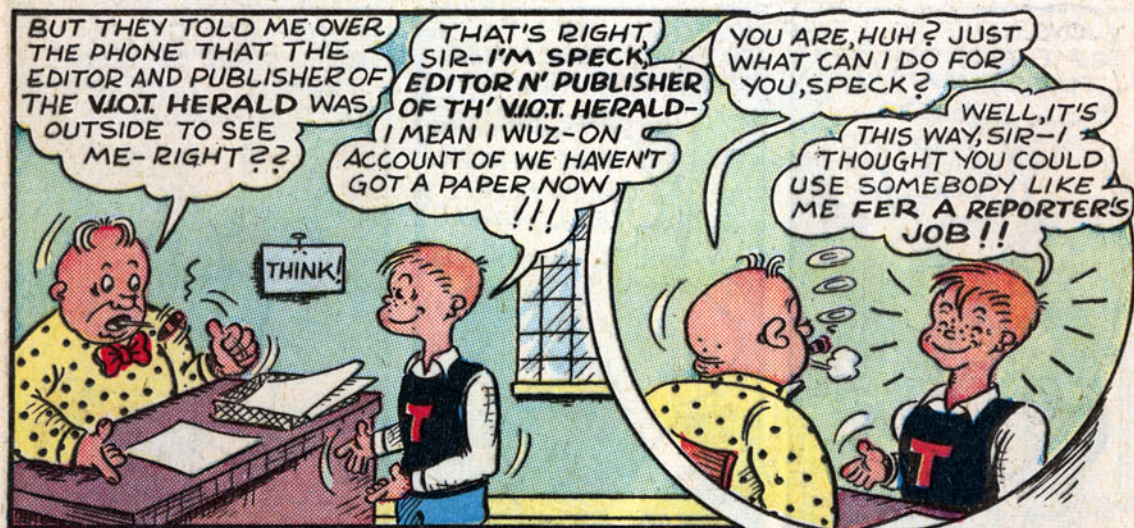
SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.



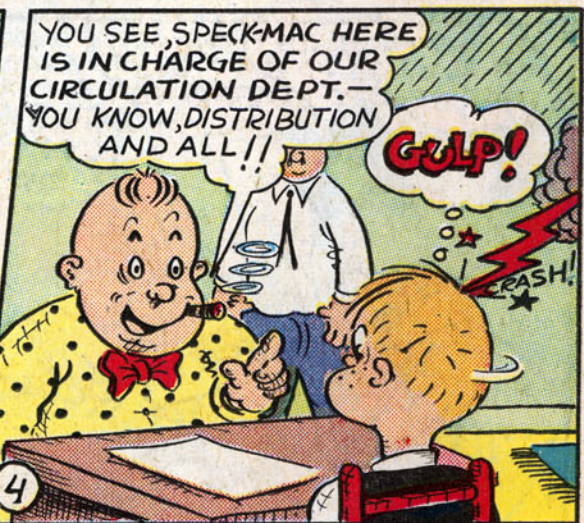
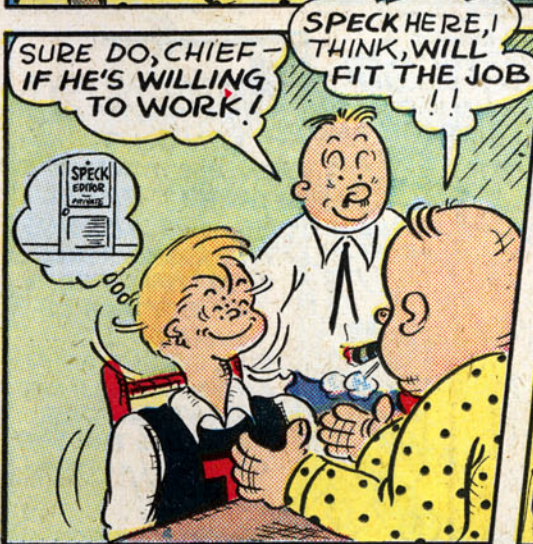
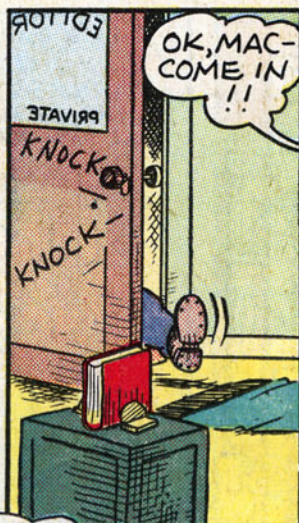
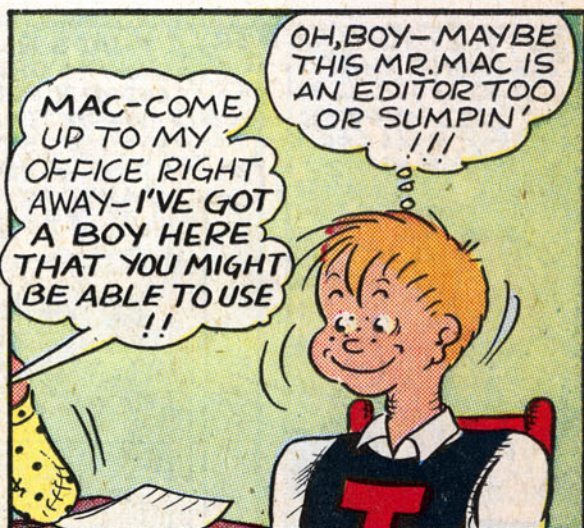
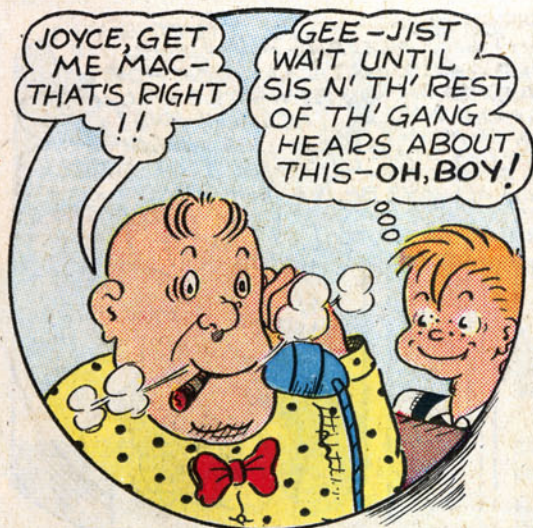
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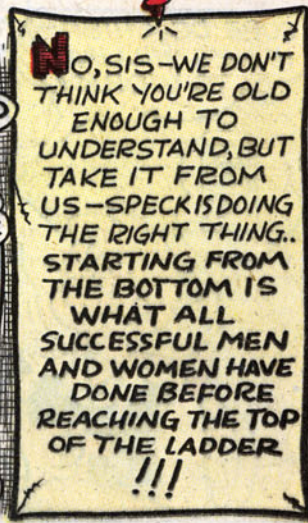
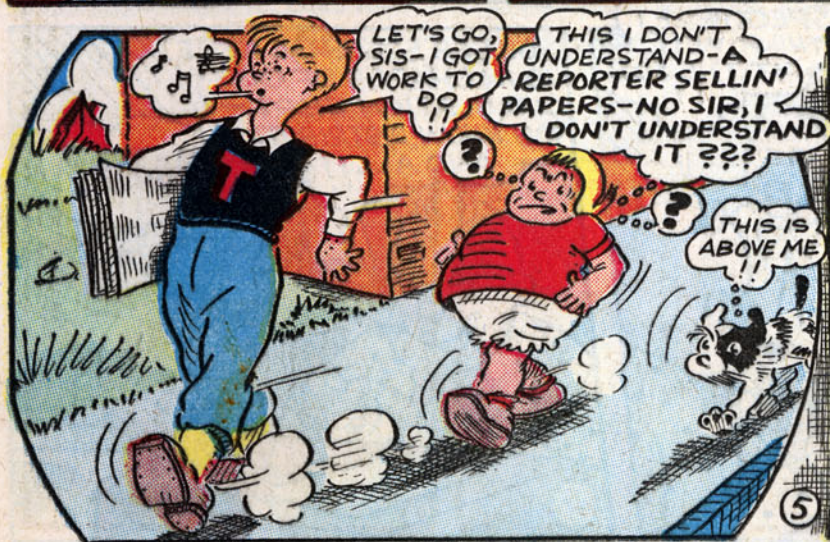
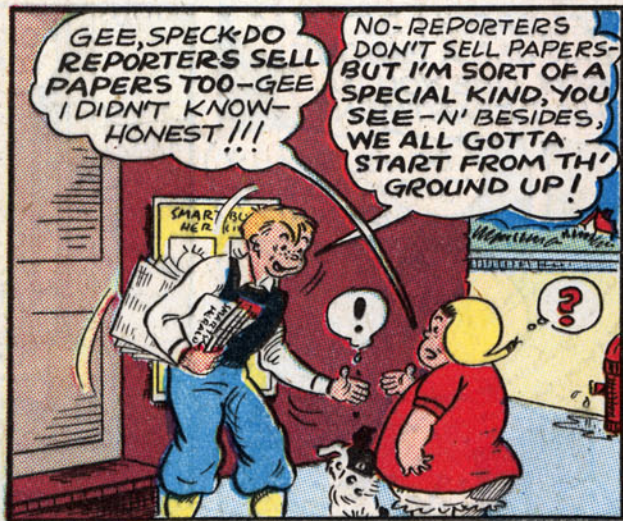
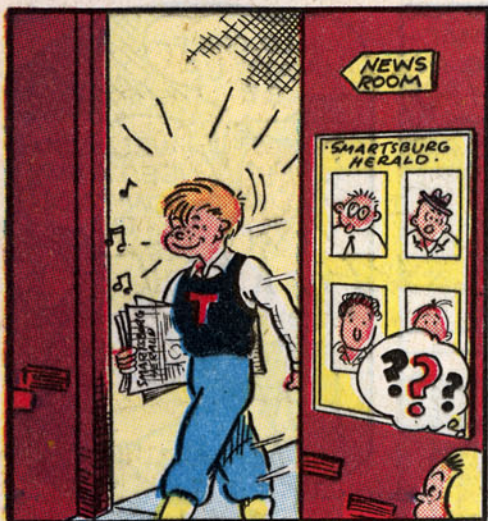
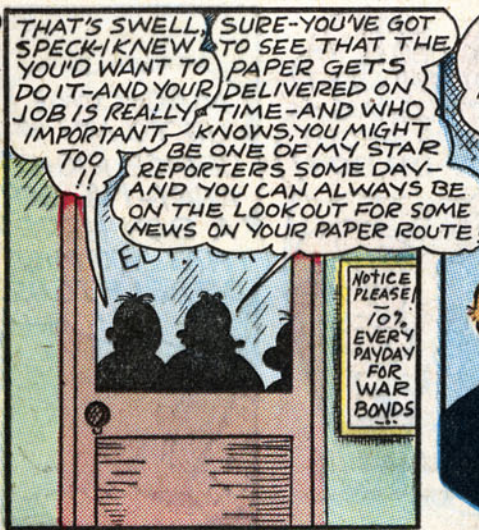
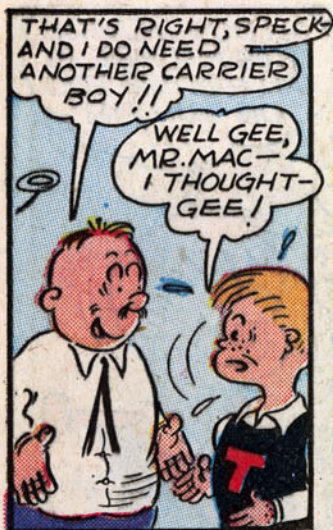
SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.



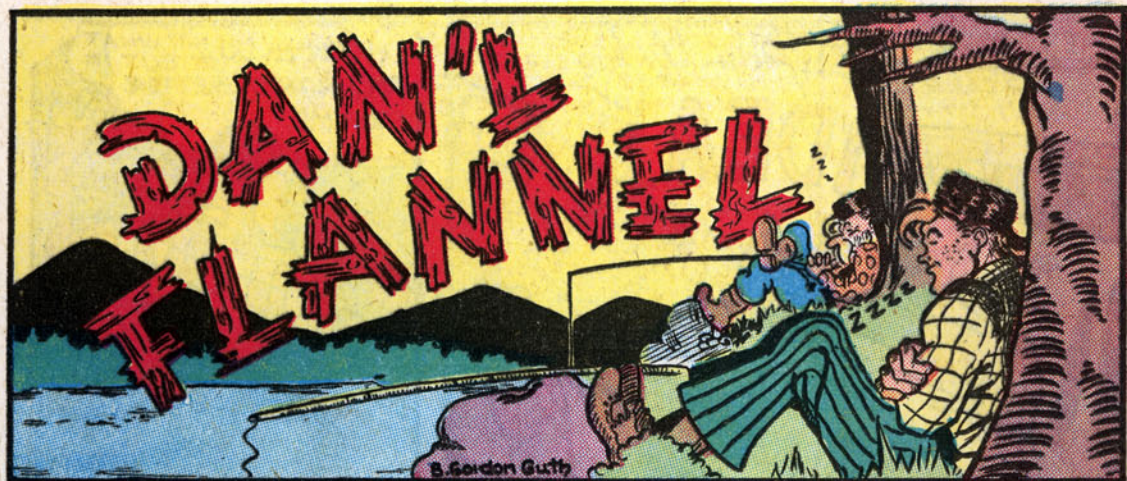
SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



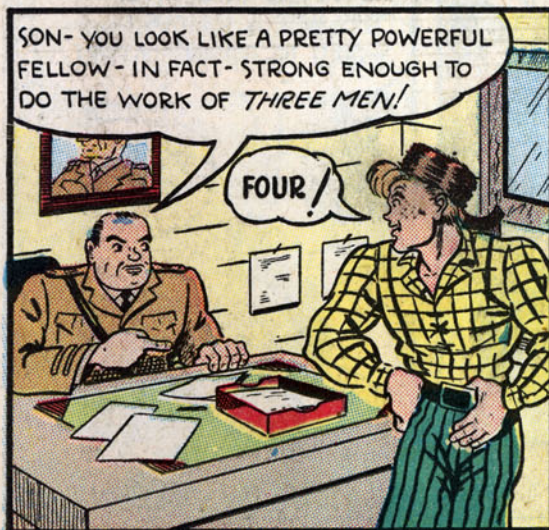
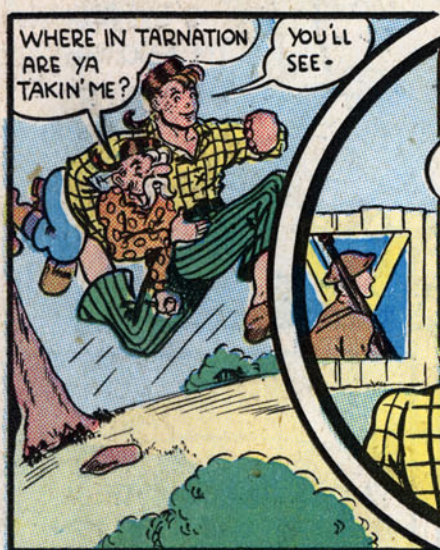
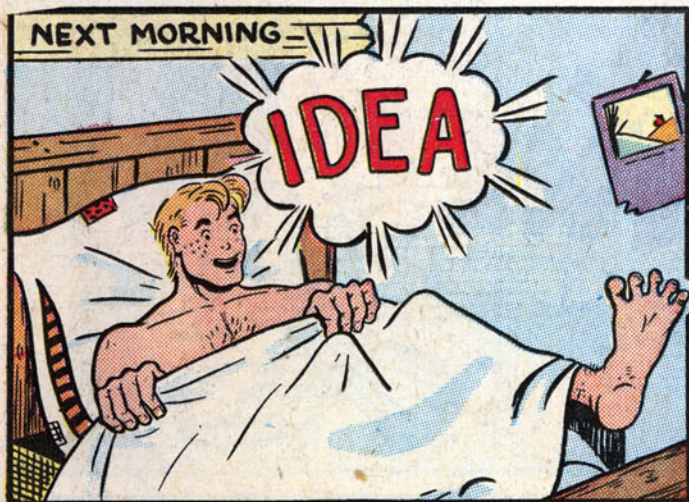
SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

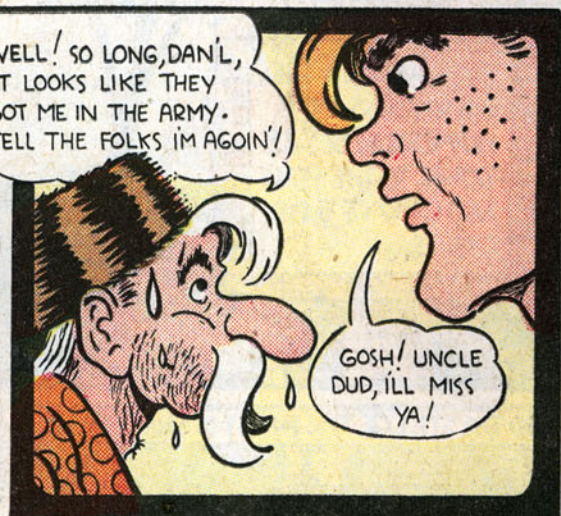


SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



YOU!
WITH THE WHISKERS,
COME HERE !!

GULP



WELL! SO LONG, DAN'L,
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY
GOT ME IN THE ARMY.
TELL THE FOLKS I'M AGOIN'!

GOSH! UNCLE
DUD, I'LL MISS
YA!



I'M READY AN
WILLIN' TO-TO-
SS-SERVE, SSS-S-SIR-



THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR!
YOU'RE WILLING --- WELL, THAT'S
FINE -- NOW JUST PUT THE
MONEY YOU SPEND ON
CORN LIQUOR IN
**'WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS'**
THATS ALL--



WHEN DO YA
LEAVE, UNCLE?

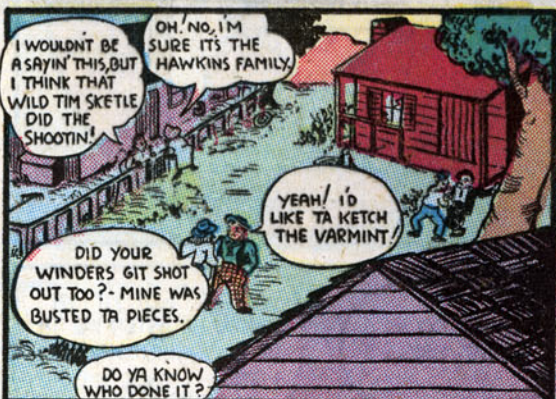
WHY-ER! NOT YIT--YA
KNOW HE ASTED ME TA
BE A CAPTAIN--NO, SIREE,
I SAYS -- I TOLE 'IM OFF
I'LL BE A GEN ----



GOSH A MIGHTY--
HE'S FAINTED !!

PLOP

SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

THINGS HAVE COOLED DOWN
A BIT AFTER DAN'L SORTA
PERSUADED THE ANGRY
FOLKS TO STOP FIGHTIN-

BANG

CRASH!

NEXT NIGHT THE SAME
DARN THING HAPPENS!

BUT

O.K., MEN:- THAT'S WHERE
THEM SHOTS CAME FROM-
LET'S GO!

WE'LL HANG
THE DAWG!!

WOT
ARE WE
WAITIN' FER?

**AGUSTUS
SNEAD!**

WAIT! GIVE 'IM A CHANCE
TA EXPLAIN!

LET'S HANG
'IM!

THAT'S TOO GOOD.
SKIN 'IM ALIVE.

GIT THE
TAR AN
FEATHERS.

GOSH! I WUZ MADE AIR RAID WARDEN,
AN I HAD TA HAVE A BLACK OUT- I WUZ
AFRAID TA AST YA- EVERY HOUSE I WENT
TA THREW ME OUT- SO I FIGURED THE
BEST WAY WUZ TA SHOOT OUT THE LIGHTS
AND HAVE CONSTABLE DICKLE MAKE IT
LAWABIDING-

THE FOLKS OF
HOMESPUN ARE
CONVINCED OF
AGUSTUS SNEAD'S
SINCERITY AND
BEGIN TO FORM
A REGULAR AIR
RAID WARDEN
POST -
WITH ALL THE
TRIMMINGS -

AN WE GOTTA HAVE
FIRST AID PRÁCTICE LIKE
THEY HAVE IN THEM
BIG CITIES!

DAN'L, WOT
ARE YA DOIN'?

WE GOTTA HAVE BROKEN
ARMS AN LEGS TA
PRÁCTICE ON, DON'T WE?

DAN'L IS
SET RIGHT ON
FIRST AID AND
THE GOOD FOLKS GO
ABOUT PRÁCTICIN'
ON GOOD SOLID
LEGS AN ARMS.

5

SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

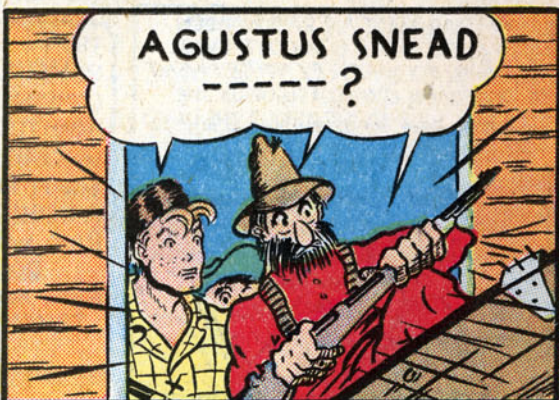
AND NOW
WE HAVE
A REAL
PRACTICE
BLACK
OUT!!



1 HOUR LATER



HOLE YA FIRE! WAIT
TILL DAN'L GIVES
THE WORD -- WE'LL
RUSH THE CABIN
AN TAKE IM
ALIVE!!



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

DARK VIGIL

The echo of the shot ricocheted from one tree to the next 'til it was lost in the distance. All movement stopped abruptly as if arrested by an invisible force. The air was heavy with the pungent odors of the tangled foliage. It was deathly still. Very slowly the silence became less intense—gradually the worried buzz of hungry mosquitoes mingled with the inquiring note of a startled bird. The small insinuating sounds of the jungle flowed again on their interrupted way. The Jap lay sprawled on his back less than twenty feet away. He tried to pull himself to a sitting position but collapsed with a groan. The bullet had shattered his leg.

"Good work, if I do say so myself," exclaimed Pete. "That'll stop him from throwing grenades for a while. Too bad you were so near, Steve. Shoulder bad?"

Steve grinned up at his buddy and made a wry face. "Just a scratch, old man. I'll sojourn here for a while and will be good as new in a few hours."

Pete smiled and walked over to the Jap. He rummaged in his pockets for a moment. The papers he found seemed to satisfy him for he folded them into his helmet and turned back to the wounded Marine who had braced himself against a nearby tree.

"It's Sujo all right," said Pete, "and our orders are to take him alive if possible. These are the papers we hoped to find and it's imperative that they get back to headquarters immediately. Do you think you're up to guarding this monkey 'til I return?"

"Sure," Steve answered. "On your way, Paul Revere, but get those reserves back here in a hurry. Sujo must be a mighty important Nipponese, for the Colonel is very anxious to have a little chat with him."

"I'll make it in record time, Steve, and will be back before you know it." Pete nodded toward the Jap and continued. "He's a crafty

fellow, though, so keep that trusty gun of yours pointed right where it is. He probably won't cause you any trouble with that smashed leg, but if he makes the slightest move, let him have it with both barrels!" He turned and within a few moments disappeared into the jungle.

The Jap's breathing had become more labored. He groaned and Steve's finger tightened on the trigger. "No funny stuff," he warned. "Just one little move and the show's over, brother."

The Jap smiled wanly. "Do not aggravate yourself," he replied in perfect English. "My broken leg would naturally slow me up to some extent, nor would a sensible man approach an adversary who had a gun pointed directly at his heart. My own weapon, as you are doubtless aware, was kicked far into the undergrowth by your irate friend."

Steve grinned in spite of himself. "He speaks better English than I do," he thought. "Good. Gotta keep him talking. Just gotta keep him talking!" He relaxed slightly but the muzzle of the gun never wavered a fraction of an inch.

* * * *

It was two hours since Pete had left and the sun shone full in Steve's face. The heat beat down on his helmeted head and glanced back from the thick sun glasses he wore. They had been blown off by the explosion of the grenade but Steve had grabbed them and quickly put them on. The glare in the South Pacific was terrific on unprotected eyes. Sweat poured down his face and dripped soggily onto his torn and bloody shirt. The pain in his shoulder swept through his body like a surging fire and the deep throbbing started again. Steve braced himself against the tree until the bark bit into his back. He could feel himself growing weaker and slowly the fear started deep within him. "No time to black out," he thought desperately. "Can't let Sujo get the

best of me. It won't be much longer," he argued with himself, "can't be much longer!" But the fear was growing. His will struggled to gain control of his emotions. He forced his thoughts back over the past day.

At dawn Pete had come to Steve's cot and had shaken him roughly. "On your toes, bright-eyes," he said. "The Colonel wants to see us."

Steve rolled over on his back and looked groggily up at Pete. "This is no time to arouse a weary soldier, Sergeant. Please give the Colonel my regrets."

"C'mon, snap into it," Pete replied, throwing Steve's trousers at him, "some Jap broke barracks last night and we have to bring him back in one piece."

The news startled Steve. "Bring him back," he shouted, "what's the idea!! He'll be back himself before too long. Where could he go on this tight little island?"

"Don't ask me," Pete said, shrugging his shoulders, "the old man will answer your questions."

And the Colonel did.

Sujo, taken prisoner in a recent raid on a nearby Jap held island, had escaped with detailed information about the cleverly camouflaged field of the 8th Fighter Squadron. The Colonel and his staff had been aware of Sujo's connection with the Jap espionage ring, but they hoped to trap him into revealing his accomplices. These men, however, had been more clever than they supposed and had succeeded in overpowering the guards, enabling Sujo to start for a secret rendezvous. All the Colonel had been able to learn of the enemy's plans was that Sujo would meet an enemy craft at some point off shore in order to leave the American-held island with the information. To make doubly certain that the information did get through, after a certain number of hours one of his associates would start out with duplicate plans for the same rendezvous. The papers Pete had taken from Sujo listed the names of the enemy agents. It was for this reason that he had to return to headquarters immediately so that this attempt might be nipped in the bud and the spies liquidated.

The Colonel had ordered that Sujo be taken alive for there was a great deal of information he might be persuaded to divulge now that they knew him to be a trusted member of the Jap espionage ring.

* * * *

Suddenly the pain tore through Steve's thoughts and a slight tremor shook his body. His shoulder was bleeding again and he could feel the blood oozing down his stiffened arm. Sujo was strangely quiet. He hadn't spoken at all in the past few minutes. Steve was afraid and fear was mounting inside him. Weakness crept through his body and he knew it wouldn't be long before he'd be unconscious. He knew too what the consequences would be. It wasn't so much that Sujo would eliminate one Steve Bradford with speed and dispatch, but if the Jap reached the rendezvous with the location of the hidden airfield, this important island would be lost to the Yanks. He fought desperately to keep his gun level. "Can't go under," he muttered. He struggled against the wave of blackness that swept across his brain and as the gun slipped from his nerveless fingers, a twig snapped close behind him.

Pete stood beside the doctor who bent over Steve to examine his wounded shoulder.

"Golly," Pete said, "one minute more and it would have been too late. It must have been tough on him guarding that crafty Jap all this time. I had no idea his wound was so serious."

"It's pretty bad," the doctor replied. "Let's get him into the shade where I can take a look at it."

As they lifted the unconscious Marine his thick sun glasses fell to the ground and shattered against a rock. Both men gazed silently into Steve's face and for a tense moment neither spoke.

"You were right," the doctor finally said very quietly as Pete turned abruptly away, "it must have been tough for him guarding that crafty Jap all this time. Looking straight ahead of him, never daring to move and praying the Jap wouldn't move either. You see, Pete, when that grenade exploded Steve was more severely wounded than you thought. He's blind."

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

CHAMELEON IS ON HIS WAY HOME TO AMERICA -- SO HE THINKS! BUT DESTINY HAS OTHER PLANS, AND THE MASTER OF DISGUISE LEARNS THAT DEVIL DANCERS AND NAZIS MEAN DYNAMITE FOR THE ALLIES! THE FATE OF THE WAR -- OF THE WORLD -- RESTS WITH CHAMELEON . . . ONE MAN, ALONE AND UNARMED, AGAINST THE MIGHT OF HITLER'S ARMIES!



IN A TRANSPORT PLANE WINGING ITS WAY, UNESCORTED, ACROSS THE WILDS OF AFRICA . . .

SO FAR WE'VE BEEN PRETTY LUCKY, CHAMELEON -- HAVEN'T SEEN ANY ENEMY PLANES!

I THINK YOU SPOKE TOO SOON, LIEUTENANT! WHAT'S THAT DIVING OUT OF THOSE CLOUDS!



A NAZI FIGHTER SWOOPS DOWN ON THE AMERICAN PLANE, AND THE TRANSPORT GOES DOWN WITH MOTORS BLAZING --

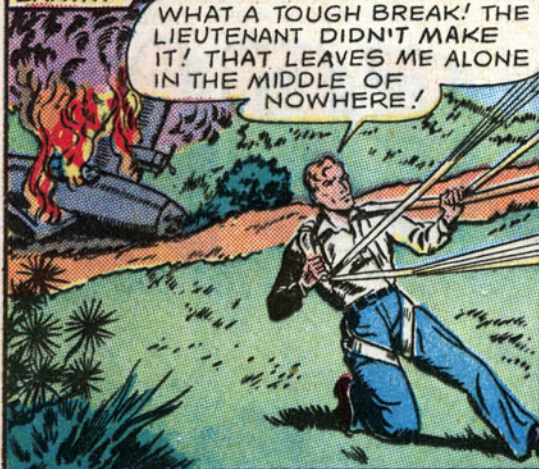
BAIL OUT, CHAMELEON -- I'LL BE RIGHT AFTER YOU!

OKAY, LIEUTENANT! GOOD LUCK!



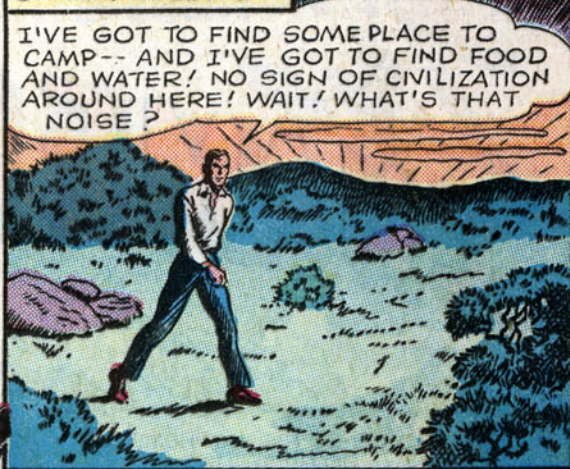
SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

CHAMELEON FLOATS SAFELY DOWN TO EARTH!



WHAT A TOUGH BREAK! THE LIEUTENANT DIDN'T MAKE IT! THAT LEAVES ME ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

ALONE IN DARKEST AFRICA WITH NIGHT SWIFTLY FALLING--



I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME PLACE TO CAMP-- AND I'VE GOT TO FIND FOOD AND WATER! NO SIGN OF CIVILIZATION AROUND HERE! WAIT! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

CHAMELEON RECONNOITERS CAREFULLY--



GOOD GOSH! WHAT KIND OF WEIRD CULT IS THIS? LOOKS TO ME LIKE SOME KIND OF DEVIL-WORSHIPPING TRIBE!

HUH! NO FOOD OF ANY KIND IN THESE HUTS! I GUESS THEY TOOK IT ALL OUTSIDE FOR A FEAST. MMM... MAYBE IF I BORROWED THIS OUTFIT, I COULD GET CLOSER TO THEIR GRUB! IT'S WORTH A TRY -- I'M HUNGRY!



NO MATTER WHAT THEY ARE, THEY'VE GOT SUPPLIES AND I NEED THEM! I DON'T SUPPOSE MY LIFE WOULD BE WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL IF I STOPPED TO ASK THEM, SO HERE GOES!



I'VE SEEN SOME DARNED QUEER DANCES, BUT THIS IS A NEW ONE ON ME! I'D BETTER WATCH UNTIL I GET THE HANG OF IT -- MY SLOW FOX-TROT CERTAINLY WOULDN'T MAKE A HIT HERE!



BUT, AS CHAMELEON STUDIES THE WEIRD DANCE WHOOPS -- LOOKS AS THOUGH THE DANCE IS OVER! THOSE FELLOWS MUST BE THE CHIEFS OR SOMETHING! WELL, WHAT NEXT?



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

CHAMELEON IS STARTLED TO SEE A GERMAN STAFF CAR DRIVE INTO THE CLEARING.

STOP THE DANCE!
HEIL HITLER!

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! NOW, WHAT DO A COUPLE OF NAZIS HAVE TO DO WITH A BUNCH OF WILD NATIVES?

WHEN OUR MEN COME TOMORROW, THEY WILL HAVE GIFTS FOR YOU!
HEIL HITLER!

SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! HOW CAN I STOP THEM!

CHAMELEON SWIFTLY MAKES HIS PLANS AND PREPARES TO CARRY THEM OUT!

IF I CAN HEAD THAT CAR OFF BEFORE IT HITS THE MAIN ROAD...

THE FIRST PART OF HIS DARING SCHEME IS SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED

LOOK-- HE STANDS IN OUR WAY! SHALL I RUN HIM DOWN, HERR MARSHALL?

NO-- STOP! WE HAVE HAD NO TROUBLE FROM THESE PIGS SO FAR... SEE WHAT HE WANTS!

CHAMELEON HOLDS OUT HIS HAND ELOQUENTLY.

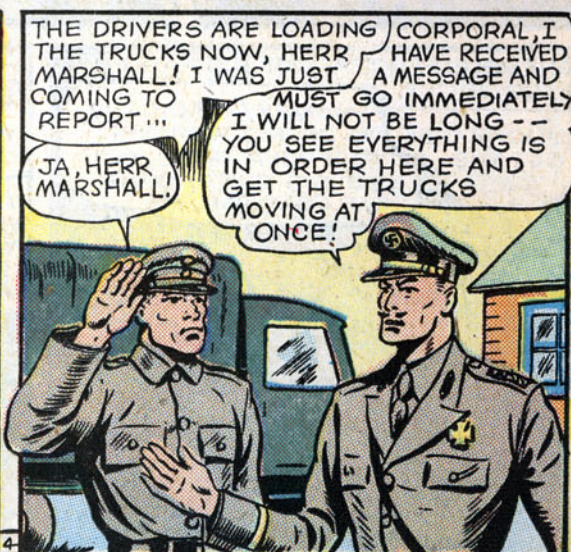
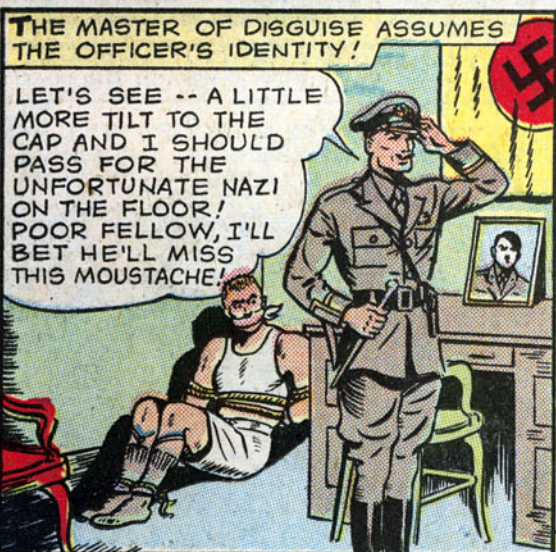
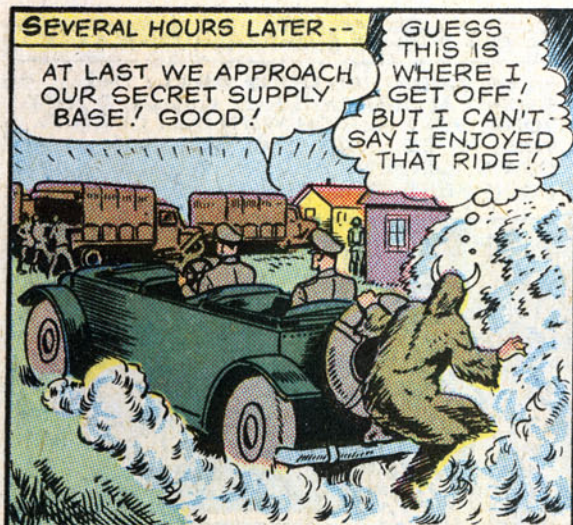
I HOPE THEY GET THE IDEA!

MONEY!? BAH-- HE IS DRUNK! WE HAVE PAID YOUR TRIBE. GO SEE THE CHIEF! DRIVE ON, CORPORAL!

AND, AS THE CAR STARTS UP, CHAMELEON CARRIES OUT THE NEXT STEP OF HIS PLAN!

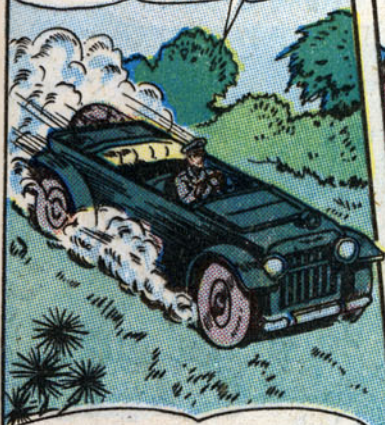
WELL, TOMORROW OUR TROOPS WILL TEACH THOSE NATIVES -- JA, THEY WILL LEARN -- JA, HERR MARSHALL! I'LL BET THOSE "GIFTS" HE WAS TALKING ABOUT!

SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

THIS IS ONE CHANCE
IN A MILLION, BUT I'VE
GOT TO TAKE IT!



CHAMELEON RETURNS
TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE...

BEHOLD-- OUR FRIEND
OF THE INVINCIBLE
ARMIES RETURNS!



OUR FUEHRER IS DISPLEASED
THAT YOU ARE FRIENDS OF
THE GREAT REICH ONLY!
BECAUSE WE HAVE PAID YOU.
HE ORDERS THAT YOU
WORK FOR THE PRIVILEGE
OF OUR PROTECTION! WHEN
OUR ENGINEERS ARRIVE,
YOU WILL DIG FOR THEM
AND DO AS THEY ORDER
TO REPAY THE LOAN WE
HAVE MADE!
HEIL HITLER!

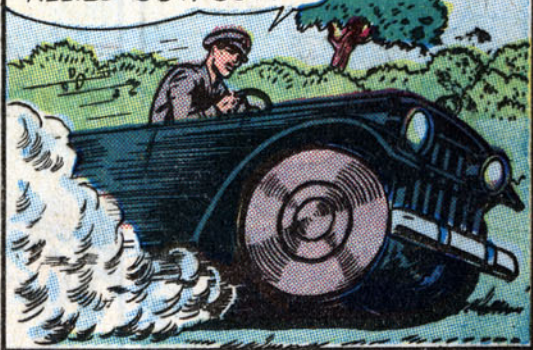


WHAT IS THIS? THE MONEY
WAS FOR OUR LAND! I
DO NOT TRUST
THOSE MEN!

UGH-- THEY
WOULD CHAIN US AS
OUR CAPTURED BROTHERS
HAVE BEEN CHAINED!
WE MUST --- PLAN ---

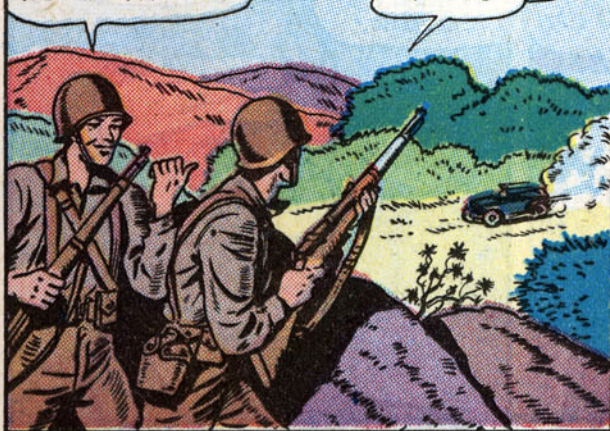


I HAVE A HUNCH THOSE NAZIS WILL
GET A WARM RECEPTION FROM THE
NATIVES WHEN THEY ARRIVE! WELL,
AT LEAST THOSE POOR TRIBESMEN
WILL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE NOW!
HERE'S HOPING I CAN FIND AN
ALLIED OUTPOST!

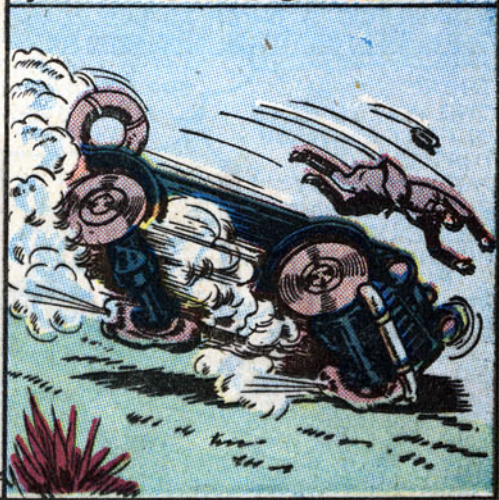


HEY, JOE -- PIPE THE
JERRY PRACTICING
FOR INDIANAPOLIS
DOWN THERE!

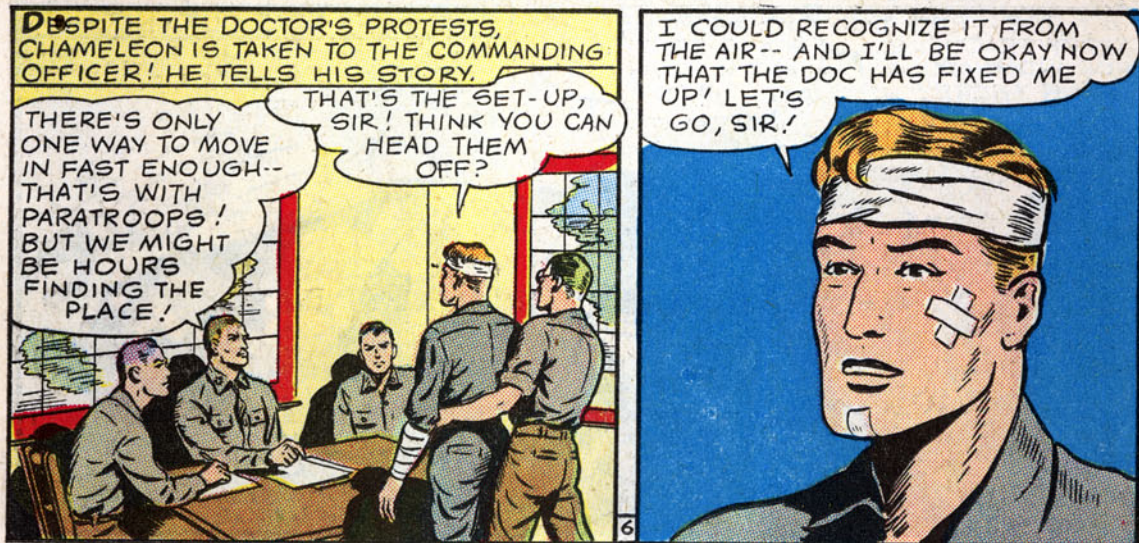
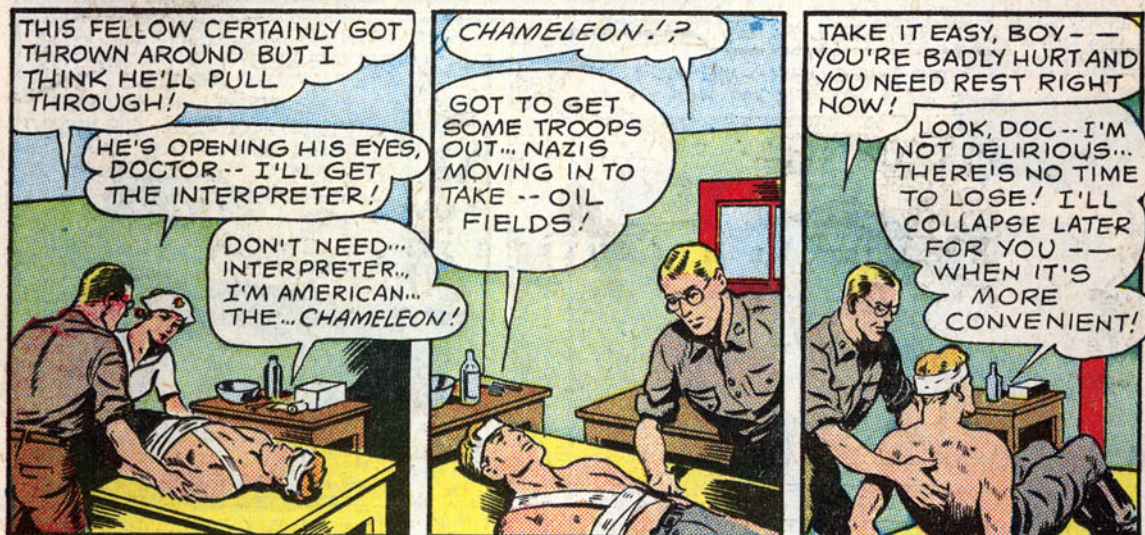
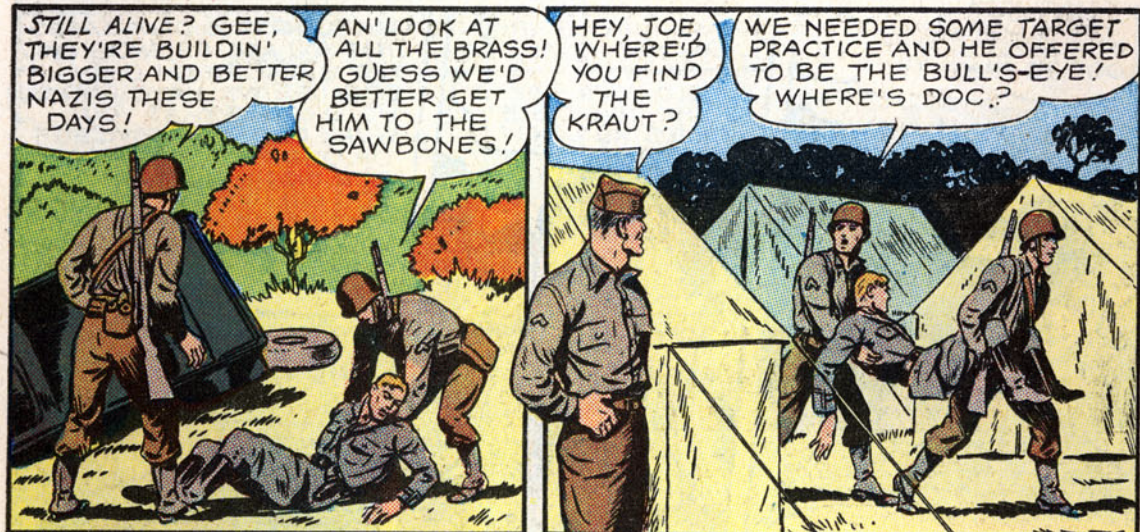
HE MUST BE
GOING SOMEPLACE!
LET'S PLUG HIS
TIRES!



TWO SHOTS RING OUT AND --

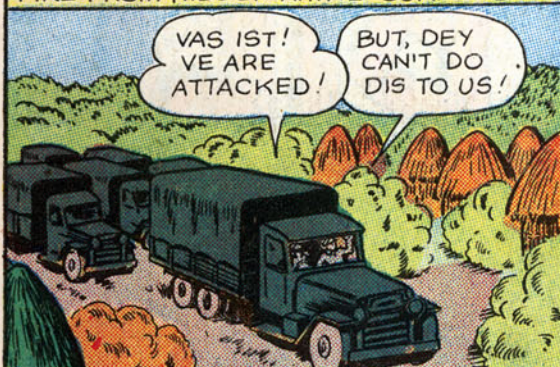


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SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

MEANTIME, THE NAZI TROOPS MOVE INTO THE VILLAGE AND ARE MET BY A WITHERING FIRE FROM HIDDEN NATIVE GUNNERS!



VAS IST!
VE ARE
ATTACKED!

BUT, DEY
CAN'T DO
DIS TO US!

And, AS THE NAZIS HESITATE, UNCERTAIN OF THEIR NEXT MOVE, AMERICAN TRANSPORT PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD --



LOOK! AMERICAN
PARATROOPERS! VE
HAFF BEEN
TRICKED!

THE NAZIS ATTEMPT AN ESCAPE THROUGH THE VALIANT NATIVE LINES!



GET THROUGH -- VE MUST
GET AWAY FROM HERE!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...



KAMERAD!
KAMERAD!

YEAH -- I'LL
"KAMERAD" YOU
IF YOU TRY
ANYTHING FUNNY!
KEEP YOUR MITTS
IN THE SKY AND
MOVE OVER THERE!

WE WELCOME YOU AS
OUR DELIVERERS!
PERHAPS YOU WOULD
WANT TO BUY OUR
LAND, YES?

HO HO! WAIT'LL HITLER
HEARS ABOUT THIS!
LISTEN, BOYS --
ANYTHING WE USE,
WE'LL BUY! INCLUDING
YOUR SERVICES IF
YOU GUYS WANT
TO WORK AT
TOP WAGES!

BUT --

OKAY, MEN --
WE'VE GOT THEM
BLOCKED OFF!
MOVE IN!

LET'S
GO!



LATER, BACK AT THE
AMERICAN BASE...

CHAMELEON, THANKS TO
YOU, WE'LL HAVE A GOOD
SOURCE OF OIL RIGHT
HERE IN THE FIELD.

WELL, COLONEL, HOW
ABOUT AN "A" COUPON
FOR ME SO I CAN
GET TO THE NEAREST
HOPPING-OFF
POINT FOR HOME?



CHAMELEON DESERVES A REST
AFTER THIS JOB BUT -- HE
WON'T MIND RUNNING
SMACK INTO ANOTHER ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET!**

SEE COUPON INSIDE FRONT COVER.

BULL'S-EYE BILL

SAY, BILL -- LOOKS T' ME
LIKE THOSE FELLERS
ARE UNLOADIN'
CARTRIDGE BOXES!

I THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT, IKE --
NOW, WHAT WOULD
THEY --

STILL
ON LEAVE,
CAPTAIN BILL
TARGET AND HIS
OLD FRIEND, IKE
ROBBINS, GO OUT
TO LOOK FOR
STRAYS AND
FIND TROUBLE --
WITH LOTS OF
DYNAMITE!

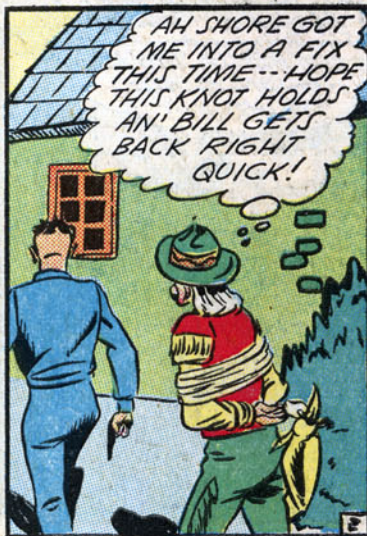
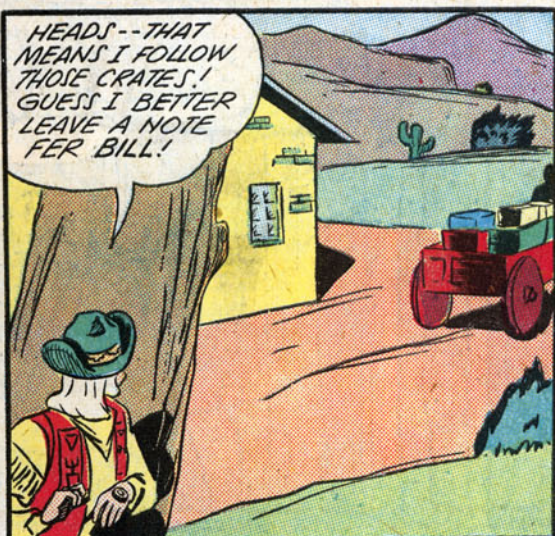
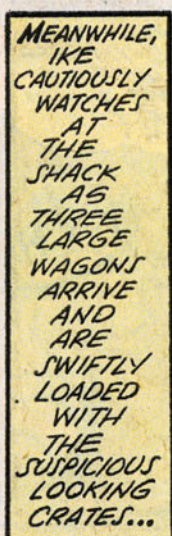
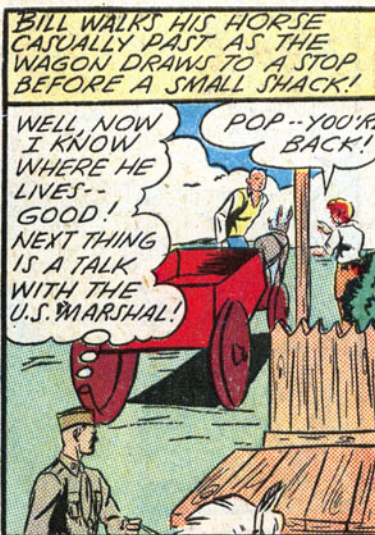
H'MM... THOSE FELLERS
LOOK LIKE CHINAMEN..
OR JAPS! AN', I'LL SWEAR
THE GUY AT THE WAGON
IS ONE OF THEM
NAZIS!

YOUR EYES ARE STILL
THE BEST IN THE COUNTY,
IKE -- SEE ANYTHING
ELSE?

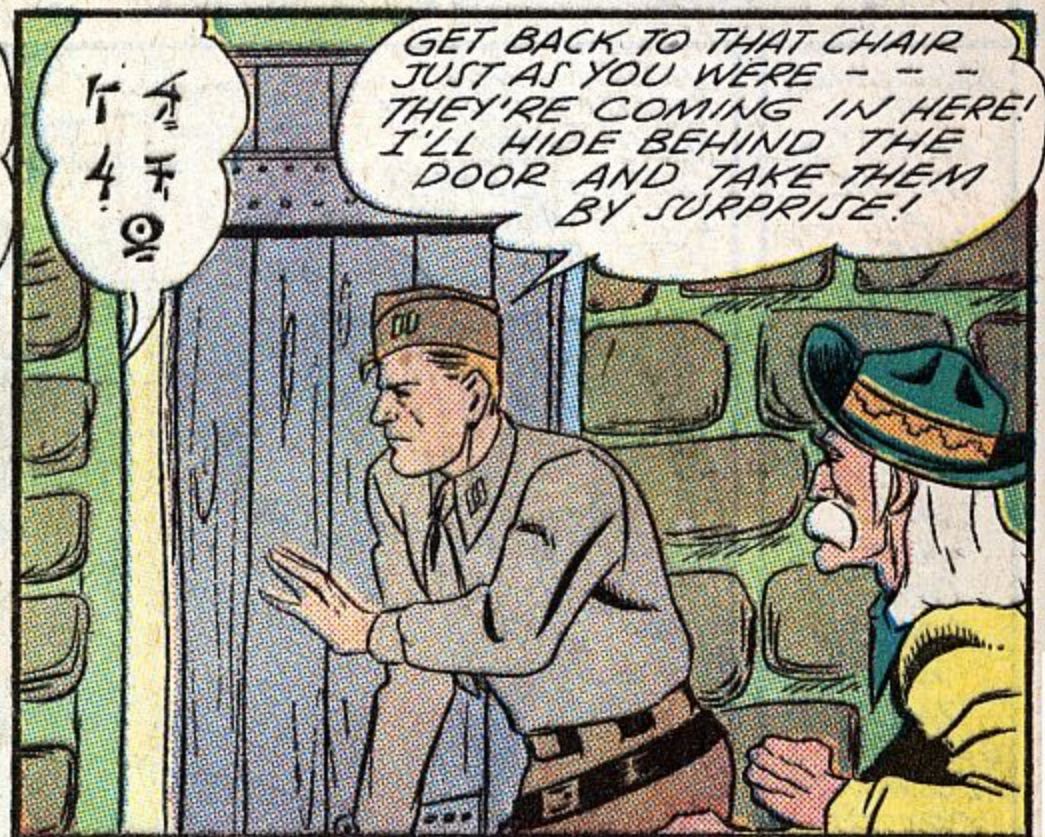
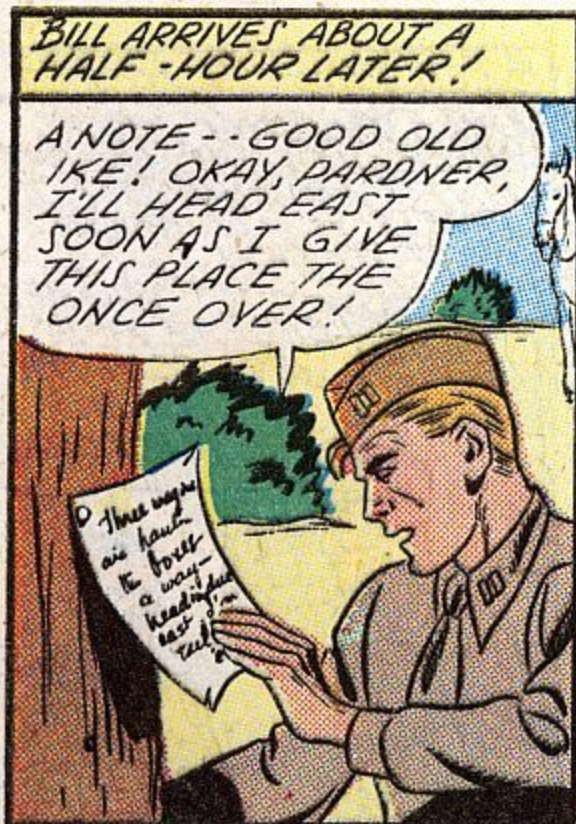
NOPE -- GOT A
HUNCH THEY'RE
FIXIN' TO START
TROUBLE OVER
TO MALDEN,
THOUGH! WHAT
D'YA THINK?

MALDEN... THAT'S THE
RELOCATION CAMP,
ISN'T IT? LOOK -- THE
WAGON'S MOVING OFF!
I'LL FOLLOW HIM... YOU
STICK AROUND HERE
AND WATCH, IKE!

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SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

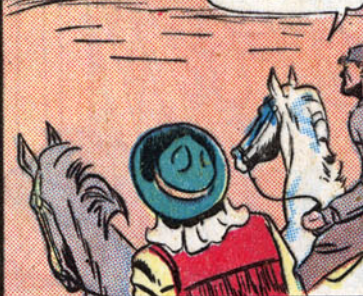
THE JAPS ARE TAKEN CARE OF IN SHORT ORDER...

THOSE FELLERS WON'T BE MOVIN' AROUND FER SOME TIME!
C'MON, IKE--IF THOSE GUYS HEADED EAST WE'D BETTER MOVE FAST!



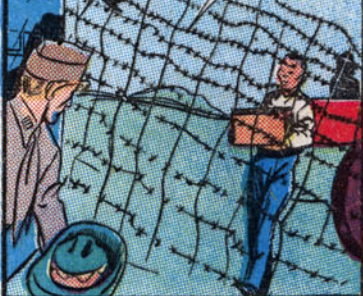
BILL AND IKE RIDE HARD UNTIL --

THINGS ARE DOIN', BILL--YES-- WE'D BETTER FIRE UP AHEAD! WATCH OUR STEP FROM HERE ON, IKE!



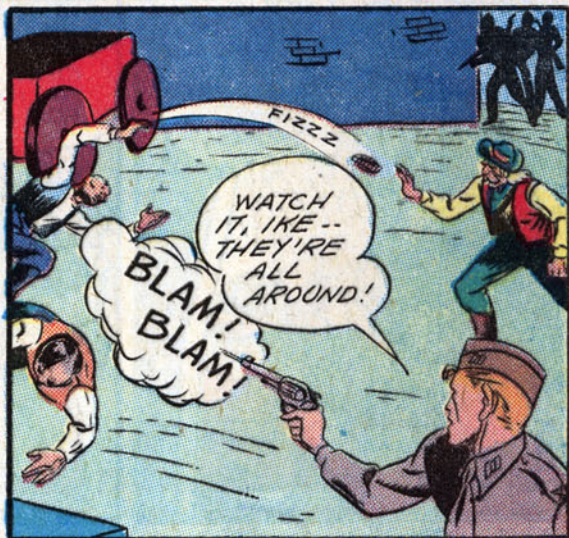
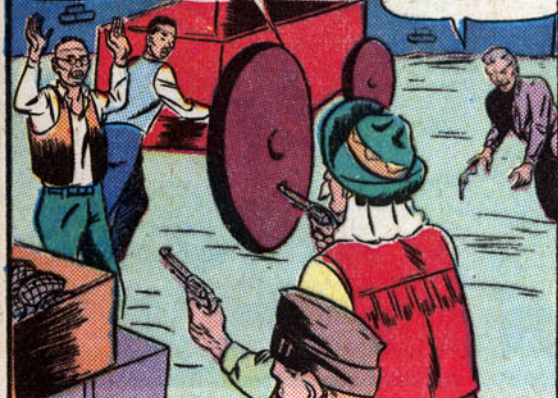
THE TWO COME UP TO THE JAP RELOCATION CAMP.

KEEP BACK! THERE ARE OUR MEN... AND AMMO BOXES!
WE CUD SNEAK AROUND IN BACK OF 'EM, BILL!

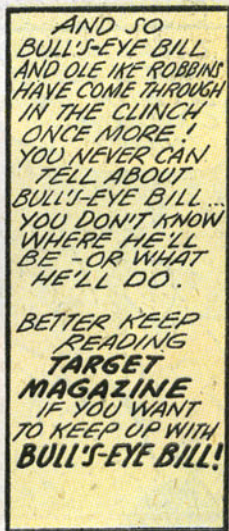
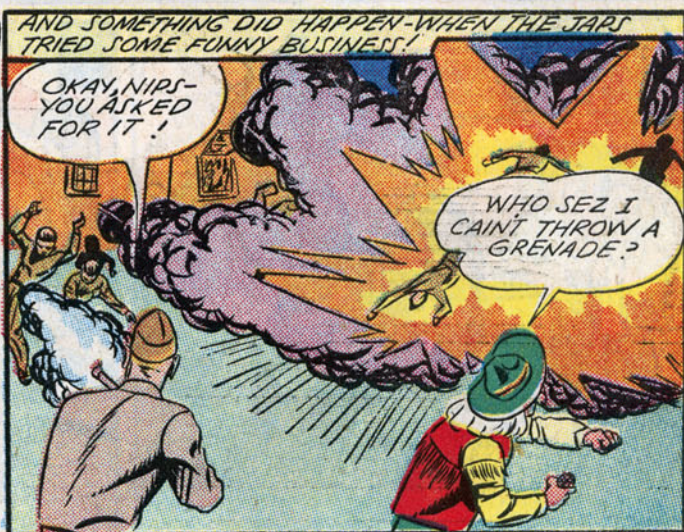
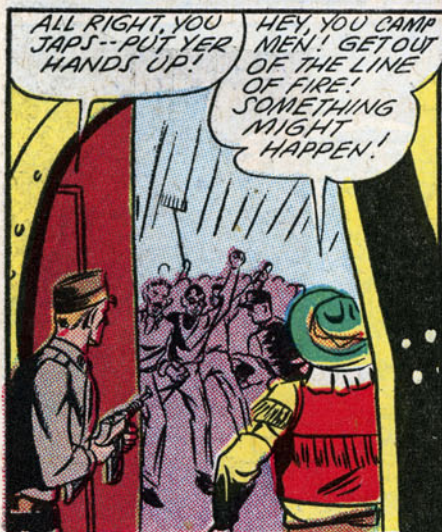
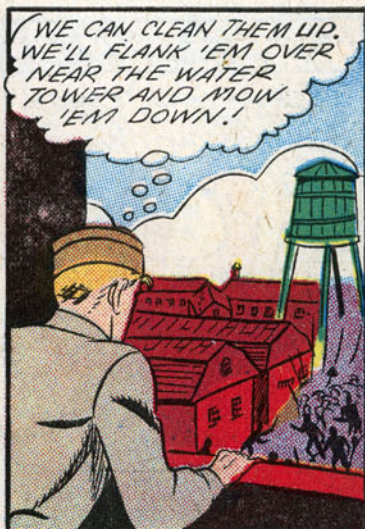


IKE'S PLAN OF ATTACK IS SUCCESSFUL...

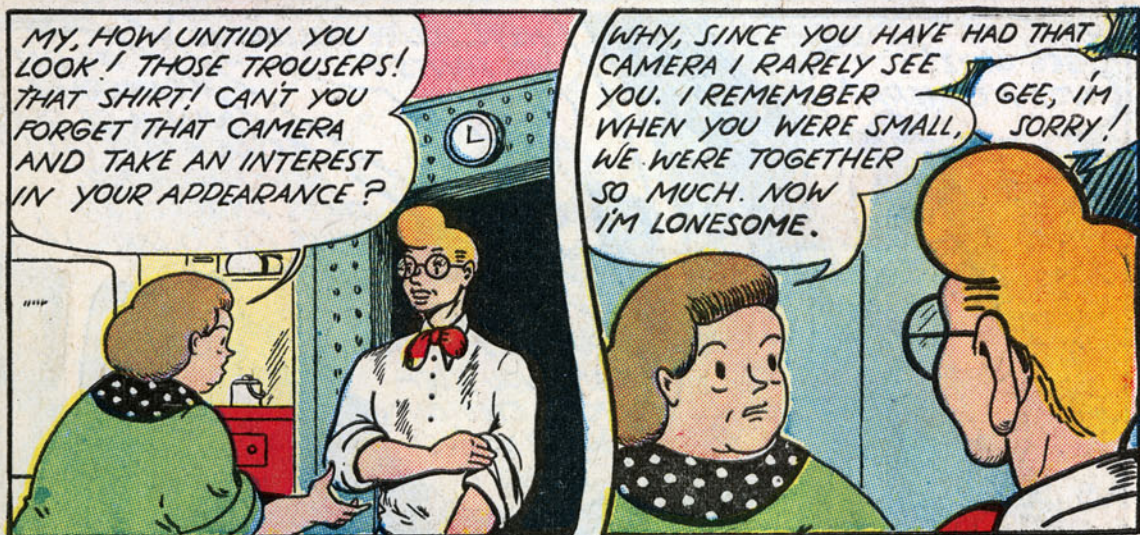
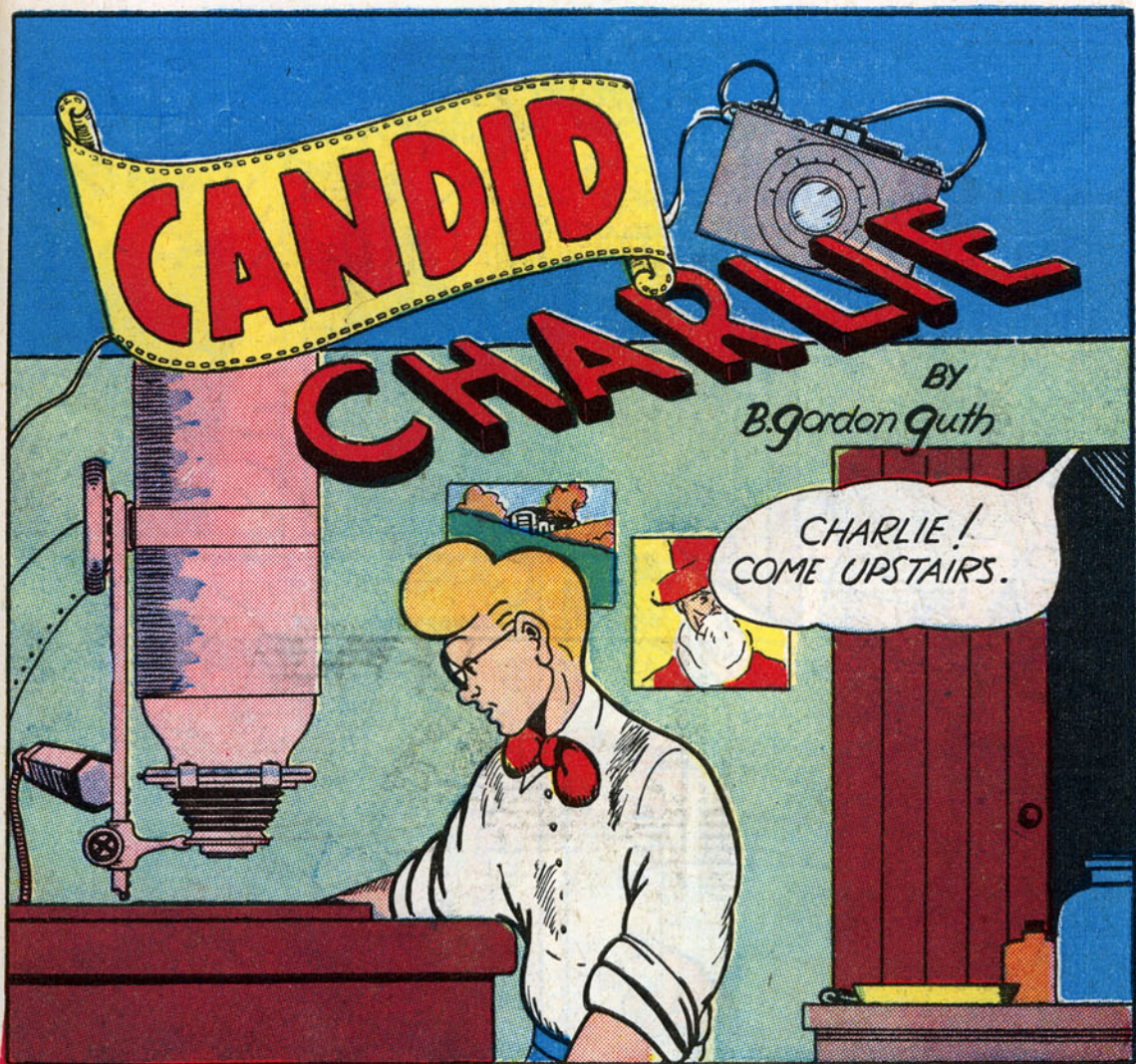
JEST LEAVE THAT THAR DYNAMITE WHAR 'TIS, NIPS!
OHH-- I'M HIT... S-SEND ALARM TO M-MAIN...



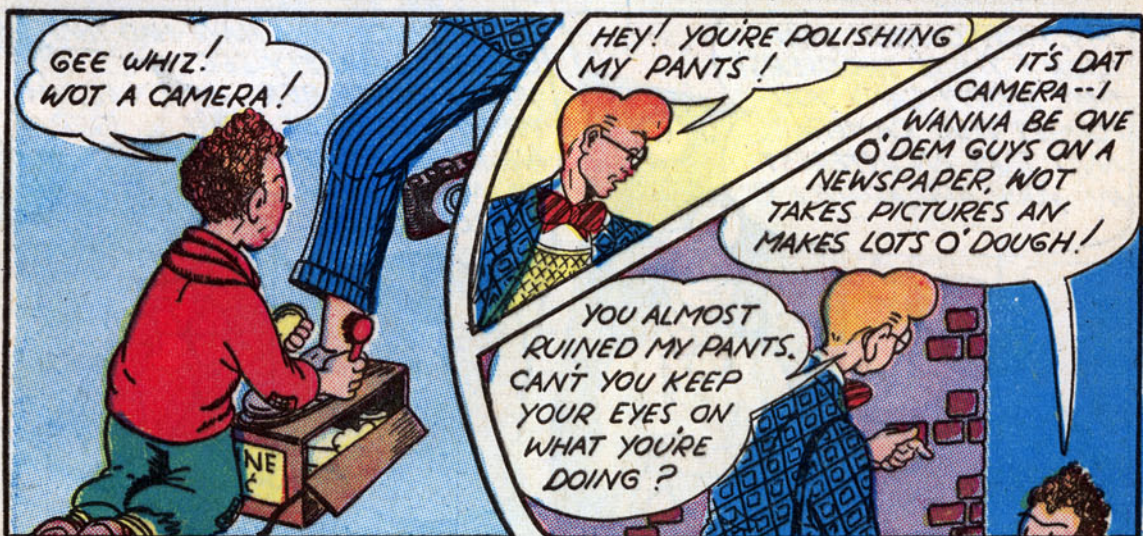
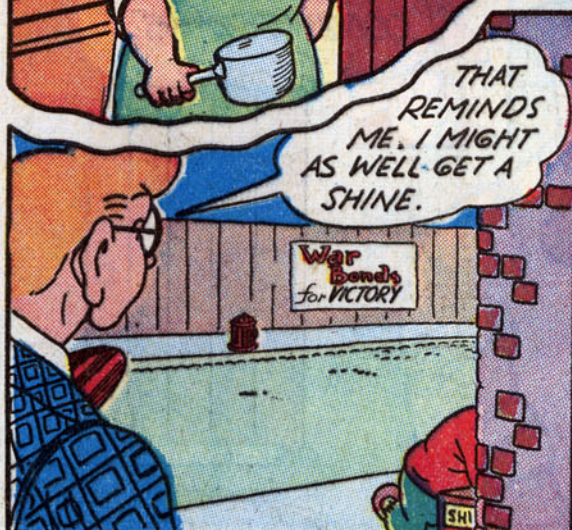
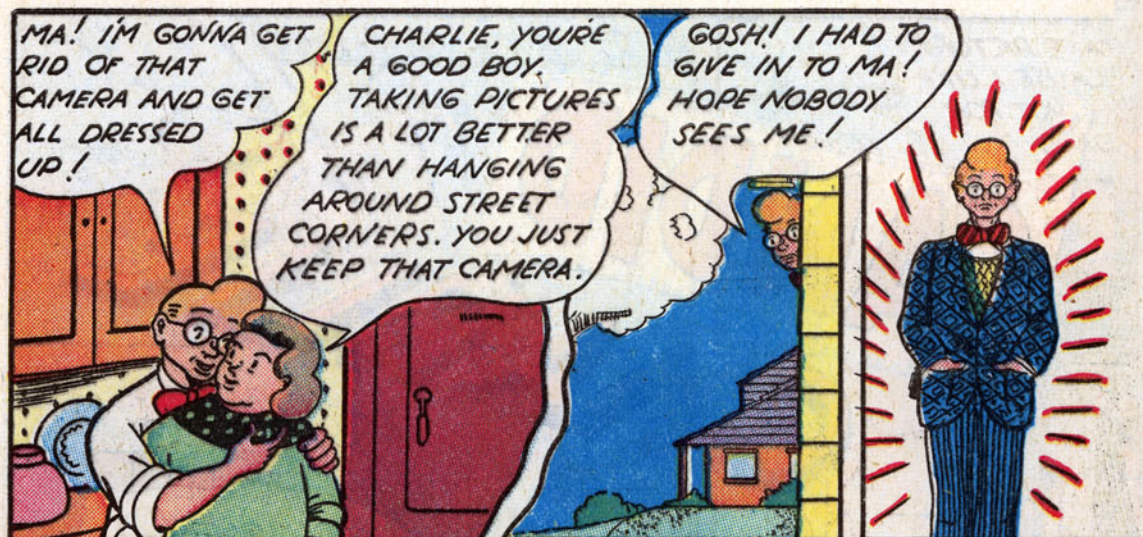
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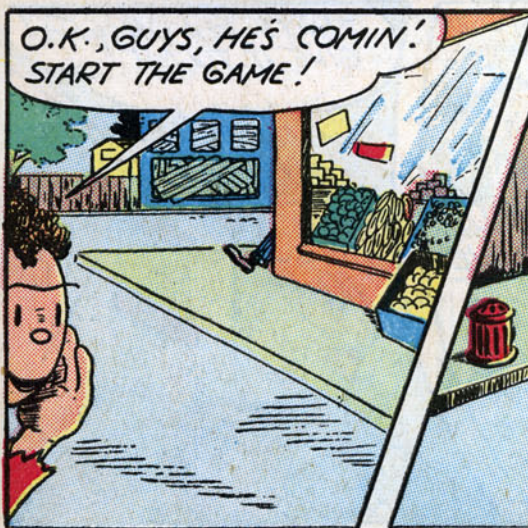
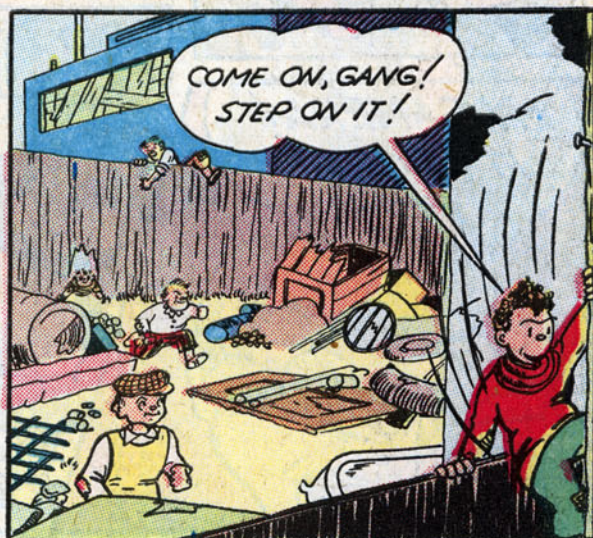
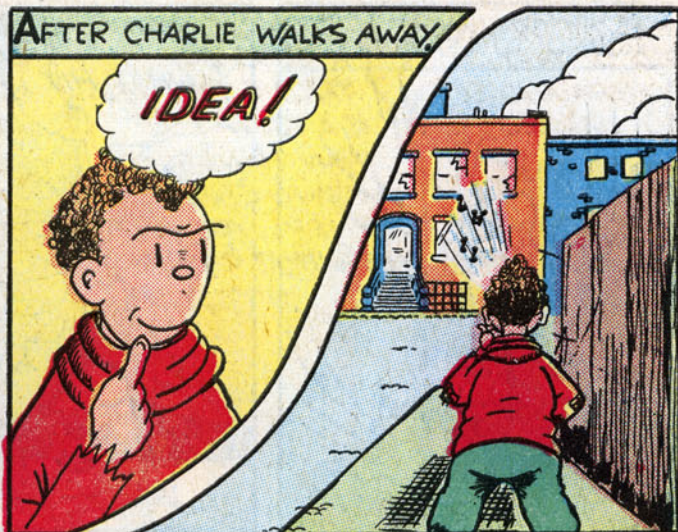
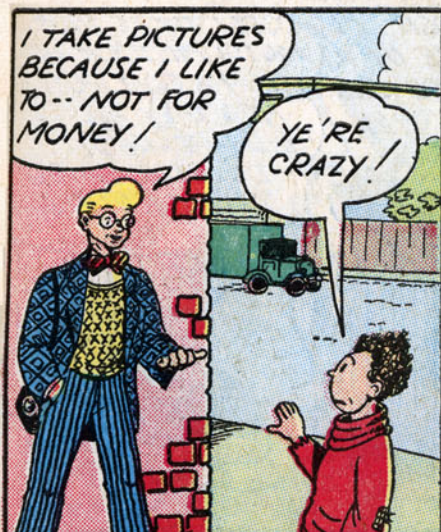
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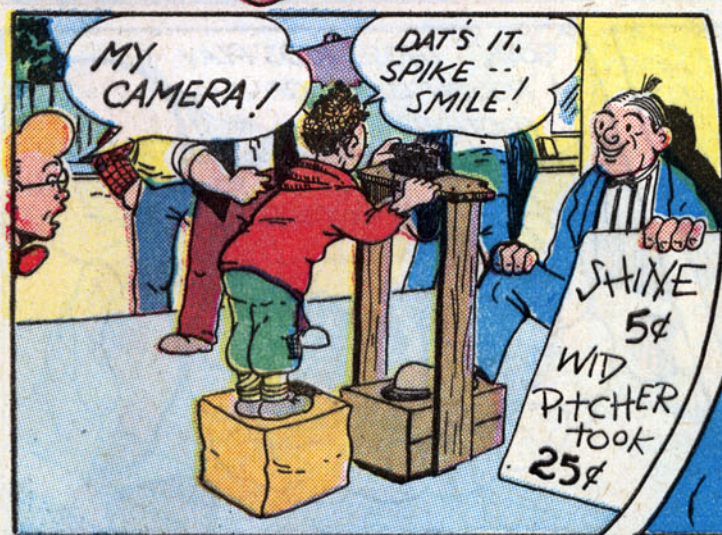
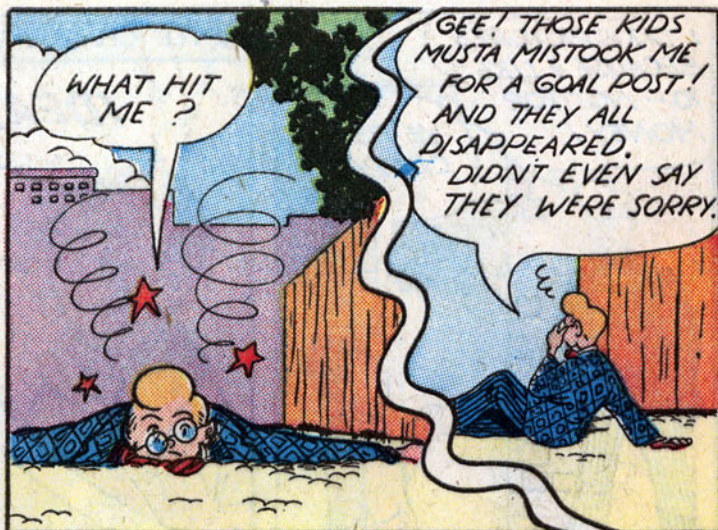
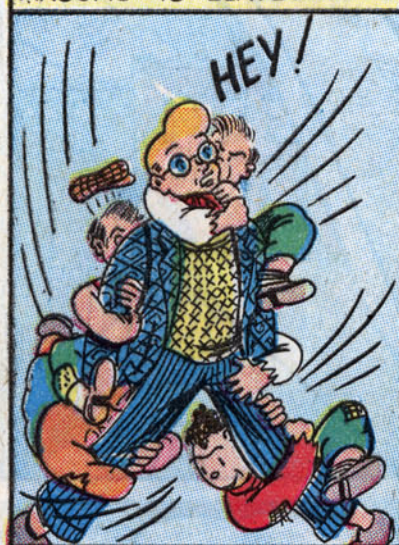


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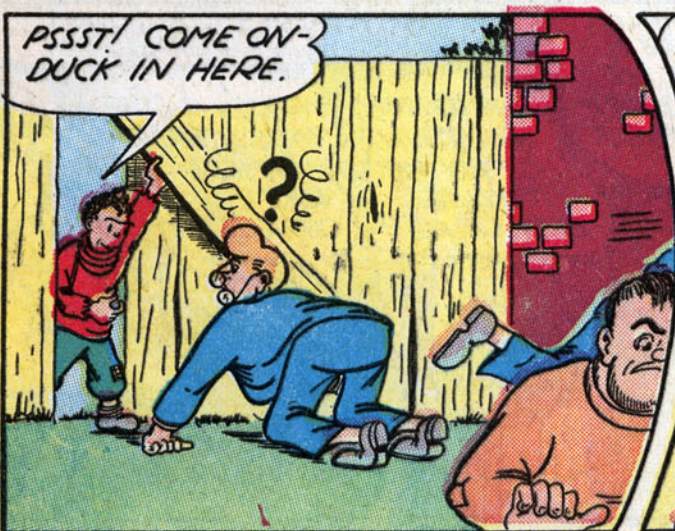
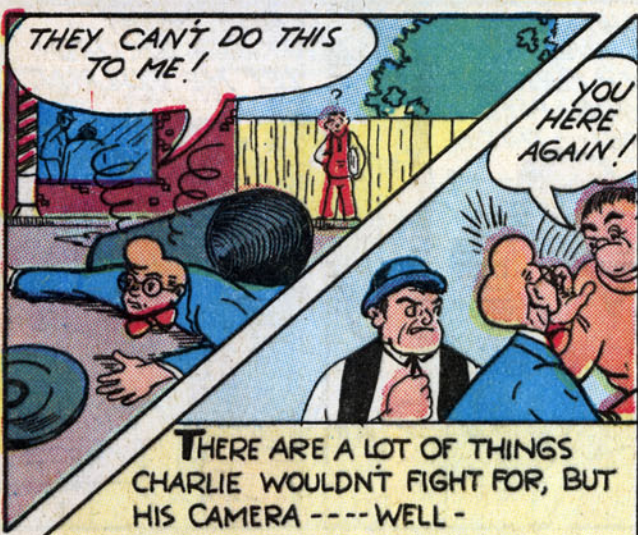
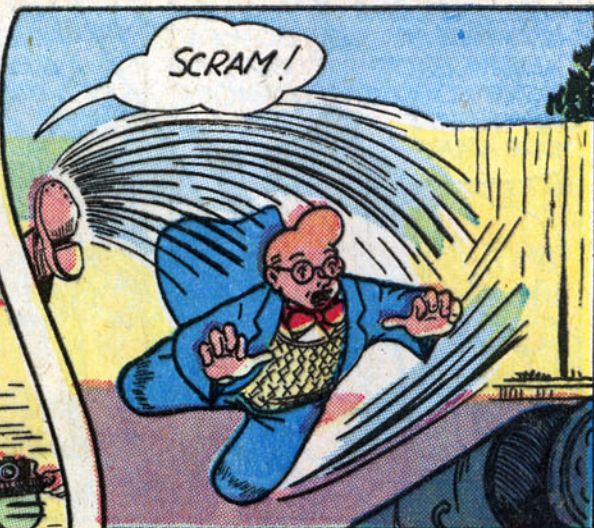
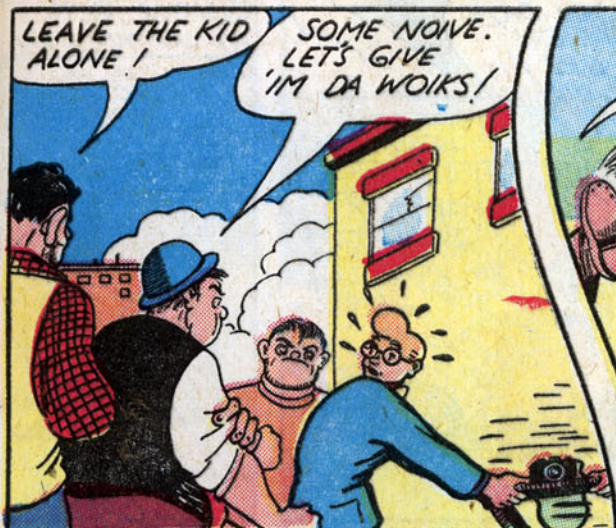


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AS CHARLIE TURNS
AROUND TO LEAVE.



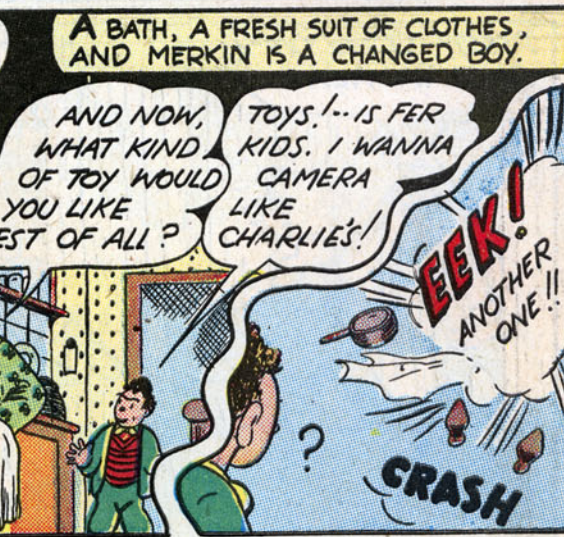
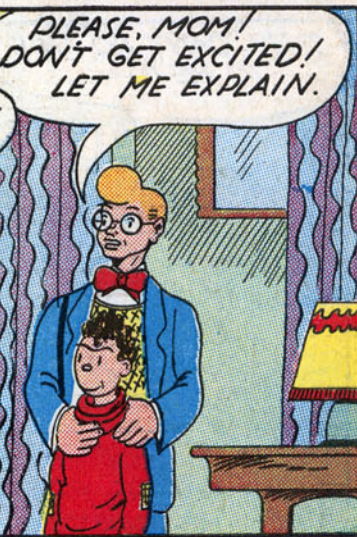
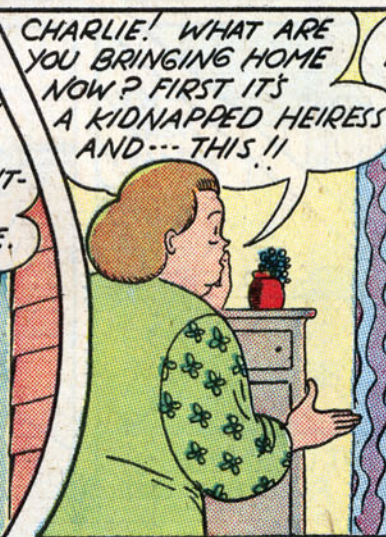
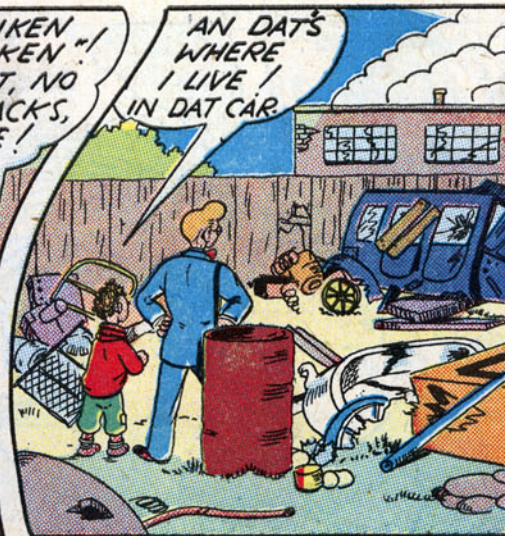
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"MOIKEN GOIKEN"!
BUT, NO CRACK'S, SEE!



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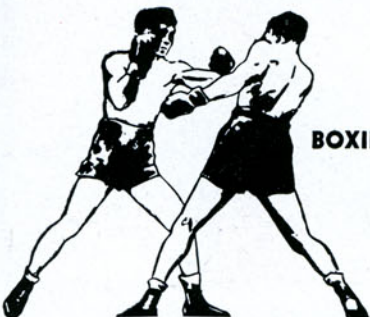
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